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EDITORIAL

PACIFISTS ON THE GRASS, ALAS

Demonstrations seem to be returning to the American scene. Certainly not the titanic upheavals in Iran, analyzed so trenchantly by Richard Falk on page 135 of this issue.

But there was a small demonstration last September which drew little attention in the press. The only violence caused was the possible crushing of some blades of White House lawn. What happened was this: at 10 A.M. on Labor Day, eleven members of the War Resisters League, including the well-known writer Grace Paley, peeled off from a group of White House tourists they had nefariously infiltrated, stepped out upon the aforesaid greensward and unfurled a banner which read:

NO NUCLEAR WEAPONS!
NO NUCLEAR POWER!

A flying squad of White House cops swooped down and spirited them away to jail, where they were held for thirty hours. They were convicted of "unlawful entry" on December 12, and could get up to six months in jail for violating the Presidential bluegrass. Ironically, the same day the White House eleven were arrested, a counterpart group in Moscow was let off with a reprimand.

As Paley said later: "While the great important powers of the world are piling up nuclear armaments—all the noise and terror of coming war—we did a small, quiet kind of simple thing. We stepped out onto the grass of our President's public home . . . and we said Listen! Stop!" We await the sentencing on February 12 anxiously, hoping for, in the words of the title of one of Paley's stories, "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute."

IRAN'S HOME-GROWN REVOLUTION
Richard Falk

THE CASE FOR CULTS
Theodore Roszak

MEXICO'S GUSHERS
Julia Preston

MAX EASTMAN
Clancy Sigal

ELEPHANT MAN
Harold Clurman

RAUSCHENBERG
Lawrence Alloway

UNDERGROUND TEST BAN

DIANA MOON'S DEADLY DUST

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

Mercury, Nev. is no ordinary town. It is more like an army post with no family residences. Situated seventy miles northwest of Las Vegas along U.S. 95, it is the main entrance to the Nevada Test Site, where nuclear weapons are developed. Only those with appropriate security clearances are allowed within its guarded entrance. Although I had made numerous trips to Mercury and the N.T.S. (as the test site is called), this was the first time I would actually be present for a nuclear test. It was code-named Diana Moon.

August in the desert is really hot. The gray morning was not much cooler than the evening before as I nosed the Pinto north from Mercury and deeper into the test site. At the last guard post before entering the "forward area" red lights flashed their warning that a nuclear event was in the final stages of countdown. I then negotiated the hilly pass which eventually opened onto Frenchman Flat. The narrow two-lane road unkinked and stretched like a ribbon across the desert to a low saddle in the hills twenty miles away. Even at that distance I could see the flat group of buildings known as the Control Point. It overlooked Frenchman Flat to the south and Yucca Flat to the north.

As I started across Frenchman Flat, I noticed another road forking off to the right. It led straight to the Diana Moon "well," where today's test would take place. The area was being evacuated as H-hour drew nearer. But my immediate destination was the Control Point and twenty minutes later I pulled into the Control Point

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LETTERS.

RIGHT TO 'PRIVATISM'

A technical problem resulted in an unfortunate misprint in Jackson Lears's review of *The Culture of Narcissism: American Life in an Age of Diminishing Expectations* by Christopher Lasch [*The Nation*, Jan. 27]. The second sentence of the fourth paragraph on page 91 should have read "But unlike others on the left such as Richard Sennett, Lasch does not see the therapeutic sensibility as a retreat into 'privatism.' " We regret any confusion caused by the substitution of the word "primitivism" for "privatism" and apologize for the resultant distortion of both Richard Sennett's and Jackson Lears's views. —*The Editors*

MORE ON THE NETWORKS

Palm Beach, Fla.

In "Who Owns the Networks?" [*The Nation*, Nov. 25, 1978] Peter Brosnan is guilty of sloppy research and even sloppier reasoning. He says that "according to the 1977 ownership report, eight banks, four funds and three members of the board of directors own nearly 35 percent—an unchallengeable controlling interest" of CBS stock.

As a current CBS shareholder and a professional investor of some years' experience, I am in a position to judge that statement false. What the ownership report—a public document on file with the F.C.C.—does show is that although eight banks do have custodial possession of over 20 percent of CBS stock, they have voting power over less than 8 percent. In fact, if Mr. Brosnan had read more carefully, he would have realized that the stock owned by four of the six funds listed in the report resides in the vaults of the banks in question just as you or I might keep stock in a safety deposit box—although the banks in this case provide some administrative services, such as keeping dividend records. It seems clear that Mr. Brosnan double-counted this stock.

Beyond his poor math, Brosnan is also naive. Any CBS shareholder can examine the company's list of holders, and to do so is to realize that there are thousands of them—large and small. Mutual funds might be large holders of a quality stock like CBS from time to time because it is a good investment and, like the rest of us, funds invest in stocks not to run corporations but to make money from dividends and capital growth. To see some "controlling interest" conspiracy in a number of funds having sizable holdings in CBS is just plain silly. Perhaps if I researched the question, I might find three ladies from Winnetka and four farmers from the Corn Belt with large holdings. They would be no more likely to vote their stock together than several mutual funds or banks which are themselves competing for the investors' dollar through their financial performance.

Frederick F. Berlinger

Los Angeles Calif.

It is misleading and inaccurate to imply—as Berlinger does—that shares held in a custodial capacity do not carry with them a great degree of power. As numerous studies have concluded, these shares . . . provide banks with substantial influence over the companies whose stocks they hold. First of all, the bank may, upon authorization of the underlying owner, obtain voting rights to these shares. According to the F.C.C., this occurs quite regularly, but must be reported only if the bank will retain voting rights for more than one year.

In addition, as the Senate report referred to in my article noted: "The existence of sizable blocks of stock held in the name of one or more nominees of a bank give that bank considerable power in the way it exercises the voting rights it has itself and the influence it is in a position to exert on beneficial owners where it occupies an agency role." The study also found that when banks and other institutions do have voting power, they generally vote the same way. The report concluded: ". . . . stocks held in nominee accounts of banks' trust departments and in other institutions do in fact put these institutions in a position where they can exert significant influence, *through voting and otherwise*, on corporate decisions and policies" (my emphasis). Thus, . . . the concern is not solely with voting rights but rather with the overall power represented by large holdings of stock by financial institutions. That power is considerable, especially when combined—as in the case of the three networks—with loan activities and interlocking directorships, as noted in my article.

Berlinger also charges that I "double-counted" the shares of four mutua funds. Had I done so, the total woul have been several points higher tha the rounded figure of "nearly 35 per cent." Since the exact number of share reported in the periodic "supplementa ownership reports" varies from mont to month, it would appear that Berlin er may have consulted a differen report, although the total reported i generally in the low to mid-30s range

Finally, Berlinger feels that the idea expressed in my article are "naive" an "just plain silly." If they are, at least I'm in good company. As former F.C.C commissioner Nicholas Johnson has said: ". . . in assessing bank control o the media, the basic question is wheth er we as a society need or should permit the risk of these abuses. Those who argue that until there is abundant evidence of abuse no action is needed really miss the point." I think Mr. Berlinger has missed the point.

Peter L. Brosnan

The Nation welcomes letters from readers. Please furnish name, address and zip code. Name will be withheld upon request.

DISAPPOINTMENT

Berkeley, Calif.

I was disappointed by your special issue on Black America [Dec. 16]. The articles were good and interesting enough, but except for passing remarks they didn't seem to tackle the weightier and more disturbing issues of the day. Perhaps you have already dismissed those issues. Your editorial introduction seems to call anyone who disagrees with the "black agenda" a hypocritical racist, whose concerns about "reverse discrimination" or "equality of result" are merely euphemistic ways of attacking blacks themselves. Obviously, if disagreement with the "black agenda" is merely another form of racism, there isn't much to discuss.

I for one think that the cause of civil rights is too important to be advocated in such a petulant fashion. If you cannot recognize that critics like Morris Abram, for example, deserve a respectful hearing whether you agree with them or not, then you are creating a "racist" opposition out of thin air. To call such people racists is like the South American dictators calling all their opponents Communists, or the McCarthyites of 1968 calling Humphrey a fascist. I wish your special issue could have dealt with the genuine problems raised by the "black agenda" among all those liberal white "racists" out here, instead of just sliding it by with a nasty phrase. There is much to discuss.

Keith Roberts

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EDITORIALS.

Budget Humbug

While President Carter was busy playing host to his Chinese guests, trying to make East and West less inscrutable to each other, the growing ranks of his critics have had a chance to pick apart the numbers in his 1980 budget and arrange them less deceptively.

Take as examples just two items in the area of "defense." We have known for months that Carter promised the NATO allies that he would increase our spending for military force in Europe by 3 percentage points over and above the discount for expected inflation. That commitment was based on the claim that the Soviet Union is rapidly building up its Warsaw Pact forces while the West's decline.

As Senator William Proxmire points out in a letter to *The New York Times* (Jan. 30), documenting his statement with testimony from the Central Intelligence Agency and the Defense Intelligence Agency, the big Soviet buildup (63 percent in a decade) has been along the China border. In Europe the figure is 13 percent and, as Proxmire writes, we have been strengthening our forces there "and the relative improvement has favored the West, not the Warsaw Pact."

An even greater deception lies in the assertion that the famous 3 percent will actually go to beef up NATO, thus stabilizing the "dangerous disequilibrium" *The Times* editorially saw on that "front." Proxmire shows that the extra military spending will in fact be spread throughout the defense establishment—with $1.2 billion of it going to increases in military retirement pay!

And Proxmire, the creative nit-picker, proves that the actual proposed increase is 4.4 percent, not the claimed 3 percent, because the base used for calculating the increase includes more than $4 billion requested by the Administration but never appropriated by Congress. The word for that kind of figuring is "crooked."

The other distorted item, demonstrating wrong priorities along with pusillanimity, is revealed in an analysis in *National Journal* (Jan. 27). This quotes one of Carter's budgeteers as saying that the Office of Management and Budget *added* $40 million to

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NASA's budget for the space shuttle lest, after all the delays in that program, "the Defense Department . . . give up on the shuttle and start ordering expendable launch vehicles, which would cost us hundreds of millions of dollars in the next two or three years." It seems not to have occurred to anyone that the President could simply say no to the Pentagon, for once.

We have noted that the inflation-proof part of the budget lies in the arms area (along with those payments mandated and indexed to the cost of living by law, which are called "uncontrollable" in the jargon of official Washington). Not at all protected against the inflationary winds are the few billions of new expenditures claimed as increases for "human resources," to use the warehouse lingo of Budgetville. That may be a small dishonesty but it is characteristic of the tone of the whole mishmash of estimates and calculations that make up the Carter 1980 budget. The fact is that those who need help in this society must make their own way up the slopes of inflation without the aid of automatic escalators.

Since we commented briefly last week on the dim outlines of the 1980 budget, various voices have been raised against it, but they seem to lack conviction. Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill has said he is not about to "dismantle" the social programs he has worked on for so long. Senator Howard Baker, the minority leader, has commented on the lack of "initiatives," an odd note from a conservative Republican.

On the pathetic rhetoric of the State of the Union and its "New Foundation" theme, all the jokes have been made about its Rafshoonery. They range from those about the art of corsetry (redistributing the fat) to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's witty barb that the silly phrase might have been lifted from the "Internationale" ("The earth shall rise on New Foundations"), which was the Soviet Union's national anthem from 1919 to 1943. The truth is that the line came out of thin air and empty heads and is just as insubstantial.

Depressing and even distressing as that speech was, it is the numbers that reveal the condition of this Union and its lack of leadership. They reveal that the role of "peacemaker" (which Carter embraces)—as against that of "policeman" (which he has said he rejects)—is an almost intolerable burden on a society with so much still to do for the common welfare. Things, in the shape of arms, are still in the saddle, riding mankind. The ride starts in Washington, at the portico of the Pentagon.

Mr. Charisma

Recently the Republican Party lost the former leader of its "liberal" wing, Nelson Rockefeller, whom even the fires of Attica could not cleanse of the taint of Eastern effeteness, and gained its third officially announced Presidential candidate, John Connally. The other two Republican early birds are pterodactylic conservatives of whom it can mainly be said that they won't have Rocky to kick around anymore. These full-immersion fundamentalists are Representative Philip Crane of Illinois and a Bernard Fernandez, address unknown, California, who are hopefully clutching the coattails of Proposition 13. Connally is the Elmer Gantry of the trio.

We are probably devoting too much attention to Connally's Texas-size ego trip, but even though he lacks a sense of reality about his appeal to the voters, he does possess a certain feral shrewdness that served him well in his climb to board-room summits and through the bramble bush of Texas politics.

His main argument in behalf of his investiture at next year's gathering of the faithful in Detroit (the rough equivalent of the Catholics holding their papal conclave in Belfast) is that the times cry out for a candidate with charisma, rather than doctrinal soundness. He figures that the Democrats will cast Carter aside in favor of Edward Kennedy. Then it will be Connally versus Kennedy, "pitting charisma against charisma," as Connally modestly puts it. He may be on to something, in that Carter has apparently captured the G.O.P.'s ritual economy-in-government issue, while Kennedy's magnetism crosses the ideological barriers. The Republicans will attack Carter's lackluster personality and his "stop and start" leadership, to use the increasingly popular buzzwords. (Connally's vision of Presidential leadership, it will be recalled, was succinctly expressed in his statement that Nixon should have burned the tapes.)

After all, the previous G.O.P. winners have been the fuzzy, lovable Ike, and the new-old Nixon, who, however personally unattractive, was regarded with perverse affection by a number of voters as the right hit man at the right time in 1968. Liberals might hope that a charismatic, potentially electable Mr. Right does emerge from the crowd of Republican candidates now milling in the wings, who would make an honest Democrat of James Earl Carter yet, or even a bona fide candidate of Kennedy.

Indira's Back

Since the beginning of the 1970s, South Asia has spawned a weird brand of populist politics that heighten the expectations of the impoverished masses while lacking the will or the means to fulfill these expectations. From New Delhi to Colombo and Islamabad to Dacca, the syndrome was the same: power won by populist slogans and gimmicks, followed by growing economic distress and rising social unrest, followed by extra-constitutional, coercive governmental measures to put down this unrest.

Such a tide of populism swept Indira Gandhi to a massive victory in the 1971 elections in India. Unable to contain the growing unrest fueled by unfulfilled promises, she seized emergency powers in June 1975. The Janata Party, a hastily assembled coalition of non-Communist political forces opposed to Mrs. Gandhi, won the March 1977 elections by promising

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he people bread with liberty. The sole issue in the lections was dictatorship versus democracy. The Government of Morarji Desai has dismantled the authoritarian structure that burgeoned during the Emergency, and is now seeking to prosecute Mrs. Gandhi and her aides for their authoritarian excesses during the Emergency.

But voting trends since March 1977 clearly point to an erosion of the Janata Party's popularity. With pre-Emergency civil rights restored, the people are demanding fulfillment of the bread part of the electoral promise. They have forgotten Mrs. Gandhi's Emergency crimes and are judging the Janata Party by its record since it took office. They feel they do not owe the restoration of civil rights to anyone; they had voted for it. The findings of Justice J.C. Shah's commission on the Emergency excesses are being processed for court action. But the Janata Party played straight into Mrs. Gandhi's hands in the November special parliamentary election. She ran in a district far from her traditional power base, Uttar Pradesh, and the Janata Party tried to make her crimes the sole issue. She won the election, however, and her victory was interpreted by her supporters as an endorsement of the Emergency.

Mrs. Gandhi has nothing to lose. The issue of her prosecution has been overtaken by political developments during the last twenty-two months. She fancies herself alternately as Joan of Arc (though she draws the line at going to the stake) and Charles de Gaulle, and presents herself as the only true opposition. She expects the dissension-wrecked Janata Party Government to disintegrate under the weight of its own contradictions, and she may take her case to the streets to erode further its popularity.

The Government is apparently relying solely on the courts. Haunted by the specter of her comeback (she has rolled up quite a few electoral victories for her party besides winning re-election to Parliament and has been attracting large audiences to her political rallies), the Government is attempting to hold her on short leash through a string of prosecutions for her Emergency excesses and other crimes including graft. But clamping her in prison would not solve its problems. Mrs. Gandhi is merely riding a wave of popular disenchantment with the Janata Party. With the Janata Party unable to fulfill its promises to the electorate, whose expectations it roused to unrealistic heights, Mrs. Gandhi capitalizes on the discontent. Now the Government faces the awkward dilemma of containing this discontent. India has come full circle. It has democracy without consensus.

Mounting unrest, reflected in industrial, student and peasant agitations and the growing atmosphere of political violence (there have been scores of political murders in the last three months) add up to a situation that might bring down the Janata Government well before it completes its normal tenure in early 1982. In the absence of any alternative to her, Mrs. Gandhi hopes she can win back the power she lost in March 1977. Still another dizzy round of competitive populism lies ahead.

MOHAN RAM

Mohan Ram, a senior foreign correspondent for The Christian Science Monitor *and other newspapers, is based in New Delhi.*

Amex Annex

Well, merger fans, it's time for an update to our report on the accelerating takeovers of book publishers by conglomerates last spring. ("Publishing Goes Multinational," by Leonard C. Lewin, *The Nation*, May 13, 1978.) You may remember that Western Pacific was then trying to tie Houghton Mifflin to its tracks; the railroad was foiled, largely by a posse of H.M.'s better-known writers, but its embarrassment was assuaged by a $2.6 million profit on its four-month investment. More recently, Marvin Josephson Associates, one of the largest talent agencies, appears to be emulating M.C.A., the entertainment complex that owns Putnam's and other book publishing imprints, by buying heavily into Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. And so on.

But now publishing mergers have come into the really big leagues. American Express is trying to take over McGraw-Hill—and its *second* offer comes close to a billion dollars, 17.7 percent higher than the initial bid. For a book publisher? Well, not exactly. Books, and trade books in particular, account for only a small part of McGraw-Hill's business, just as travel services as such are incidental to what American Express does best, which is to persuade people to give them their money to use interest-free, and to *pay* them for keeping it safe as well. The average "float" of uncashed American Express traveler's checks is believed to be well over $2 billion, and the money combine's other principal business, casualty insurance, operates in a somewhat similar manner. At last report, American Express had a net cash surplus of about $1.5 billion, and was said to be uncomfortable with such liquidity.

Initially, the McGraw-Hill management appeared to fight the takeover attempt, impugning the propriety, morality, honesty, legality and whatnot of everybody connected with it, in language extreme even for the financial pages. Its board has rejected the second offer, but stockholders with visions of $40 shares dancing in their heads, are still to be heard from. Lost in all this ruckus is any consideration of the possible effects of conglomerate control over McGraw-Hill's trade-book publishing; such concern has been expressed only by its trade-book editors.

Conglomeratization in publishing is involving larger and larger corporate entities. It may have seemed alarmist only last May, when Lewin asked: "Is it beyond belief that most of the books in the racks a few years hence may be chosen for you, like television programs, by Mobil, Exxon and the rest?" We ask again.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAM

Now that the first flurries of excitement over C.I.A. "scandals" have subsided, a thorough examination of its basic institutional weaknesses is in order. Disclosures before the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence in 1975 and 1976 about "dirty tricks," including attempted murders of foreign leaders and "unsavory and vicious tactics" in this country such as "anonymous attempts to break up marriages, disrupt meetings, ostracize persons from their professions, and provoke target groups into rivalries that might result in deaths," received so much attention in the media that more fundamental issues touching on the competence of this $10-billion-a-year bureaucracy were largely ignored. In some respects the weaknesses that have surfaced since 1976 are even more scandalous than the "dirty tricks."

Consider, for example, the debacle in Iran. As might be expected, the C.I.A. has tried to divert attention from its misjudgments by leaking word that for years it was prevented from establishing contact with the opposition; the Shah, we are told, objected. Besides, it was the C.I.A.'s mission to keep the Shah in power, not to inquire about his base of support. But this is ridiculous. The C.I.A.'s Allen Dulles and top Middle Eastern operative, Kermit Roosevelt, engineered the fall of Mossadegh's Government in the early 1950s while the Shah was enjoying a luxurious "vacation" in Switzerland. So close were the C.I.A.'s ties with the the Shah that Richard Helms was sent as our Ambassador to Teheran after his fall from grace. In any case, the agency knew all it needed to know about the opposition. It knew, for example, that year after year Iranian students in this country bombarded magazine offices with reports that reflected their total and nearly unanimous disaffection with the Shah's regime. Not only did it systematically intercept communications in Iran but it trained the Iranian secret police in torture tactics; in fact Savak had been set up in the 1950s with its aid and advice.

President Carter has been sharply criticized for his naive statement of December 31, 1977, that Iran was "an island of stability." Even if he had been so informed by the C.I.A., it was his duty, we are told, to have exercised better independent political judgment. Quite true, but it would be interesting to know just what the C.I.A. reported. Jesse Leaf, a former Iran analyst for the C.I.A., recently said that his reports characterizing the Shah as thirsty for power and a megalomaniac were rejected by his superiors. This could hardly have been because they did not know any better. Anyone watching the Shah on network news programs could have drawn that conclusion. After five years as chief C.I.A. analyst on Iran, Leaf resigned in 1973 because his reports were being ignored—not because they were wrong but because they did not jibe with official United States policy. Early on, Leaf had accurately sized up the Shah as "a hollow man, a straw man, a pipsqueak" who, by ignoring a commitment to social and economic development, was "sowing the seed for popular dissidence."

Anthony Lewis reports that the intelligence lapse was not limited to the Government: the American press also failed to perceive reality in Iran. True. But the C.I.A.'s lapse was purposeful; it obviously knew better. The mass media should have known better—some of the critical journals of opinion certainly did—but as usual it reflected "official" policy, that is, what it had been told by "top unnamed sources." In any case, the C.I.A.'s "lapse" was not due to a lack of intelligence but to the misuse and often willful failure to heed the intelligence it had collected. Former agent Frank Snepp reports that by October 1972 the C.I.A. had bought, bribed and sold so many South Vietnamese military and political figures that spies and collaborators inside the Saigon Government were "mere extensions of ourselves." Ex-agents Agee, Stockwell and Marchetti confirm this and similar charges. And now still another ex-agent, Ralph McGehee, an Asian specialist, is seeking court permission to tell us what he thinks about intelligence lapses.

Jesse Leaf has put his finger on the major institutional weakness of the C.I.A. "People have the idea of the [agency] being this efficient operation, but it's not. It's a typical bureaucracy, and the interest is not being wrong more than in being right. You just don't stick your neck out." Field agents did stick their necks out now and then by reporting the facts as they found them to be, but if their conclusions did not jibe with the official line the reports were often cast aside or toned down or shelved. Leaf's basic complaint is that "policy pretty much determines reporting rather than the other way around."

But there is another weakness. R.V. Jones, who was chief of scientific intelligence in Britain during World War II, recently told an audience at Stanford University that even the best scientific intelligence requires astute political appraisal based on an intimate working knowledge of the available facts, including underground reports, intercepted messages and personal knowledge. Few C.I.A. recruits have any sympathy with or understanding of "left" or opposition political movements and, therefore, tend to misjudge them. Indeed, a leftist background or theoretical interest in Marxism is an automatic bar to employment. The Office of Strategic Services under William Donovan, in the years from 1942 to 1945, was not crippled by this weakness and, as one might expect, did a somewhat better job. C.I.A. intelligence is simply not worth the staggering price we pay for it if only because it is so often used to promote the interest of the intelligence bureaucracy and merely echoes what is perceived to be the American policy of the moment. □

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ARTICLES.

MOSQUE AND PEOPLE POWER

Iran's Home-grown Revolution

RICHARD FALK

Recent developments in Iran, whatever their outcome, have a momentous significance for this century. Not only is the political, economic and cultural destiny of an important country at stake, not only is a fundamental challenge to American foreign policy involved, but a completely new revolutionary process is unfolding in Iran that is independent of the legacy of all previous revolutions. Its success or defeat will inevitably exert an awesome impact on the overall prospects of some 700 million Moslems elsewhere, and, quite possibly, on non-Moslem peoples throughout the third world.

How else, but in these terms, can we interpret Zbigniew Brzezinski's recent insistence that the C.I.A. mount a major study of political life in the entire area of Moslem dominance? Islam has emerged in Iran as a major new anti-imperialist threat to American interests in the third world, certainly eclipsing Communism or radicalism in the oil-rich Middle East.

Even William Sullivan, our counterinsurgency-specialist Ambassador in Teheran, reluctantly conceded that the upheaval in Iran "is a genuine revolution. I can't describe it any other way." Iran's beleaguered Prime Minister, Shahpur Bakhtiar, said to us the night the Shah left the country, "The people want revolution." He was, at the time, expressing his frustration with the situation, contending that the Khomeini program was vague and dangerous, an instrument of Communism, and much less beneficial for the country than his own program to establish an orderly, liberal democracy in Iran.

Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini has emerged as the unquestioned leader of the "Glorious Movement," in part, because his posture has been revolutionary in its claim and character. For decades he has rejected the legitimacy of the Pahlevi dynasty in utterly uncompromising terms, whereas other opponents of the Shah, even respected leaders of the National Front, such as Karim Sanjabi, and comparably eminent ayatollahs such as Kezim Shariatmadery of Qum, were willing to work obediently for reforms and influence within the framework of the monarchy. And now, it is Khomeini's rigid insistence that Bakhtiar has absolutely no mandate to govern that gives the political crisis in Iran its revolutionary intensity. Such a stand entails danger and terrifying uncertainty at a time when the population is confronted by a heavily equipped military led by pro-Shah generals, who are backed, possibly even incited, by the United States in their schemes to stage a counterrevolutionary coup—even if such a coup produces, as it probably will, a bloody, protracted civil war.

It is difficult, of course, to predict at this stage how the situation will unfold. The American role is critical. Although Sullivan said in mid-January that a "military coup wouldn't accomplish much," subsequent indications are that American policy is encouraging the generals to look favorably upon a military solution. How else can one interpret Carter's decision to ship 200,000 barrels of fuel for internal military use, as well as the reports of daily contacts among the Iranian generals, the American Gen. Robert Huyser and the White House? And how else to interpret press reports that high officials in Washington were pleased when the Army displayed its resolve by opening fire on unarmed civilian demonstrators, inflicting heavy casualties, several times late in January? The Pentagon, in official releases, has declared that even a neutralist regime in Teheran would affect adversely American interests. Our conversations with a wide spectrum of opposition leaders revealed that these American moves are seen as a continuing intervention in the internal affairs of Iran and are deeply resented because they are believed to be driving the country back toward tyranny or to civil war.

Because the revolutionary surge is so strong, no political resistance is conceivable at this time. Despite some scoffing by the mainstream press, we came to agree with the estimates given us in Teheran that 99 percent of the population had come to oppose the Shah, while a somewhat smaller, but still overwhelming majority—somewhere between 70 and 90 percent—support Khomeini. Now, only a brutal military counterrevolution can break the revolutionary will of the people, given their organization and unity.

So far, the Khomeini forces have displayed remarkable restraint. Despite persistent incitement by the Army and *provocateur* tactics by the Savak in a large number of cities, including unprovoked attacks on peaceful crowds, atrocities against hospitals and medical workers and cruel violence that includes using high-technology weaponry against children, the opposition has not resorted to arms or violence. The main incidents of destruction of property and terrorism in recent months are generally believed, even by middle-class Iranians suspicious of Khomeini, to be the work of Savak. The discipline imposed by the religious leadership has so far restrained a rising wave of anger among the people. Khomeini personally intervened in several inflamed settings to counsel

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Richard Falk returned last week from a trip to Iran with former Attorney General Ramsey Clark. The trip was made at the invitation of Iranian opposition leaders. Professor Falk is a member of The Nation's *editorial board and chairman of the United States People's Committee on Iran.*

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calmness, perseverance in demonstrations and strikes, and absolute nonrecourse to arms. But the option to adopt the tactics of armed struggle is held in reserve, as a last resort. The level of popular frustration was manifest in the most recent marches when demonstrators chanted, "Leaders! Leaders! Give us arms!" The mildest of all the religious leaders we met, the widely revered Ayatollah Shariatmadery, vowed that the movement would wage a jihad, or holy war, rather than renounce its goals at this stage. He added—what seems now beyond doubt—that "Our influence among the Iranian people is without limit." All the evidence suggests that most of those millions of Iranians who have these past months stood their ground bravely against machine guns, tanks and helicopter gunships would welcome the chance to shoot back rather than abandon their cause or continue to suffer further casualties passively.

What we have in Iran, thus far, is a remarkable revolutionary process with three distinctive features. First of all, it has been a great triumph for the tactic of militant nonviolence (mass demonstrations, a general strike) against the organized power of a modern, tyrannical and ruthless state. Without a single shot being fired against his legions, the Shah has been toppled from the pinnacle of power. Estimates vary about the number of civilians killed since January 1978, but most figures are in the neighborhood of 20,000. Virtually all of these casualties have been sustained by an unarmed populace, and although the figure is high, it is but a fraction of the loss of life that would undoubtedly have resulted had an armed struggle been waged over the past thirteen months.

To unleash the military, then, would deliver to oppressed people everywhere the tragic message that no matter how clearly they have declared their popular will, nothing short of military victory suffices in attaining control over the state. Already the movement has shut down the economy through an extraordinary general strike. This was sustained for weeks with minimal central guidance and through the most massive manifestations of popular support in modern history, the great marches by millions of ordinary Iranians. The United States Government should ponder the moral consequences of defying this popular will by encouraging the generals to provoke a civil war. In addition to bloodshed and devastation, such a course will reinforce the ugly claim that power derives only from the barrel of a gun. In the Iranian setting it will suddenly lend authority to, and possibly confer leadership upon, the hitherto isolated terrorist groups, who have all along been calling armed struggle indispensable.

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

A second feature of the Iranian revolutionary movement is its indigenous quality. For the first time in the modern world a national revolution owes nothing to Western sources. Its inspiration is quite independent of the legacy of the American, French or Russian revolutions, and neither Marxism nor liberalism seemed to have influenced its leaders to any degree. We were often told by friends in Iran that this was "Islam's finest hour." The Shi'ia tradition within Islam identifies the religious life directly with the struggle against oppression and for social justice. The earliest Shi'ia heroes were martyrs willing to suffer and sacrifice their lives for the achievement of a just social order. In contrast to the dominant Sunni forms of Islam, prevalent in all Moslem societies other than Iran, Shi'ia raises its own funds and considers the poor as its chief constituency.

The third feature of the revolution in Iran is, of course, its religious character. For religion to assume a revolutionary posture is to challenge Western preconceptions that a religious outlook is irrelevant, or even hostile, to social change. The religious core of the Khomeini movement is a call for social justice, fairness in the distribution of wealth, a productive economy organized around national needs and a simplicity of life style and absence of corruption that minimizes differences between rich and poor, rulers and ruled.

As Seyyed Javadi, an influential intellectual figure in the movement, with a progressive political outlook and close political connections to Khomeini, recently emphasized: "Our national revolution has a long way to go yet before achieving final victory." He added, significantly, that "Religious and political principles are not our goals, but they are a means of breaking away from despotic rule, corruption, oppression and dependence on foreign influence." Whether these goals will be achieved soon remains obscure. At this stage the main obstacle seems to be American interference. This interference is likely to prolong the agony of the Iranian people. As Ayatollah Mahmoud Taleghani, perhaps the leading religious figure phys-

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ically present in Iran itself, put it to us: "The United States must choose between the 'bad' and the 'worse.'" At this point, rather than riding the waves of revolution, the United States is clutching at the sand of counterrevolution. In other words, the Carter Administration seems determined to choose "the worst." □

THE CASE FOR CULTS

Skeptics and True Believers

THEODORE ROSZAK

There are two reactions to the People's Temple tragedy that would be deeply mistaken. One would be to dismiss the event with a bewildered shrug as an unaccountable aberration. It *is* an aberration—in the sense that disease is an aberration of the healthy body. But when disease is chronic or threatens to become epidemic, it cries out for diagnosis and cure. It must have our attention. So too the lethal fanaticism of People's Temple, which once again confronts us with a disease of the mind that has repeated itself too often in the mass movements and sectarian violence of the modern world.

The other, more likely mistake would be to write off all "cults" indiscriminately as social evils, and to call for their investigation and harassment, or at least for their unrelenting denigration in the public eye. This would be to forget how much that is invaluable in our cultural heritage has been incubated in the committed fellowship of cults, sects and esoteric fraternities often gathered around an inspired leader. Need we recall that once Christianity was a community of twelve comrades drawn together in witness to a messianic founder, and Buddhism a mere handful of monks serving an illuminated master? The cults of the modern world include the Mennonites, the Brethren, the Amish, the Bruderhof—all gentle and retiring pacifists. The Quakers, who have for so long been numbered among the most precocious democratic and humanitarian forces in Western society, began their history as an outlandish sect of enthusiasts guided by an obstreperous prophet whose loyalty to "the inner light" transcended all law and convention.

We really have no choice as to whether we will or won't have cults and charismatic leaders among us. They are among the irrepressible constants of human society. No amount of official persecution or popular disapproval seems able to wipe them out; if necessary, they persevere underground as forces of unrest and rebellion. They may even survive, as they frequently have in our secular era, by casting off their obvious religious characteristics. The style of these cadres may be militantly agnostic, but their concern for ideological purity, their zeal for revolutionary justice, their devotion to prophetical leaders—Saint-Just, Mazzini, Marx, Lenin, Mao, Fidel—all this is surely the residue of religious passion.

The media, always in search of convenient stereotypes, would have us see the New Age cults as a uniform breed of mindless, dope-damaged zombies programmed for unquestioning subservience to Svengali-like masters. In a recent major series in *The New York Times*, for example, behavior control by brainwashing is cited as one of the central features of contemporary cults. To a degree, the dropped-out, pathologically dependent adolescents who became the Manson family may have fitted that image. People's Temple did not. The temple was as much a left-wing political crusade as a church. In the course of the 1970s, its social program grew steadily more disaffiliated from what Jim Jones came to regard as a "Fascist America" and drifted rapidly toward outspoken Communist sympathies. We are not familiar with such a bizarre mixture of faith-healing evangelism and Marxist ideology. It should warn us—as do the examples of the Manson family and the Symbionese Liberation Army—that fanatical violence can be as much the result of paranoid politics as of paranoid religion.

If we avoid these two mistaken responses, what are we left to do? The "we" I speak of here is primarily those who live the life of the mind, for whatever their influence may be: the academics, intellectuals, clergy, publicists—those who worry their way into print over such issues. We can ask what it is that drives people to such terrifying extremes of self-enslavement, and what responsibility we may bear for keeping them from that dire choice.

Why do people surrender their freedom to totalitarian masters? The answer is not that they are morally weak. People who sacrifice all they have and are, even for a corrupted cause, cannot be evaluated that cheaply—not if we would reach out to them in charitable support. Rather, they are morally desperate. Even at their ugliest, they act from an overwhelming desire to possess and serve a transcendent ideal. No matter how brutally the Hitlers, Stalins and the Reverend Joneses of the world may finally betray that craving for absolute commitment, they first of all awaken and liberate it. They dignify its existence by letting it be publicly professed and lived. For that, they win the undying devotion of their followers. Then, of course, they go on to feed that moral hunger on hatred and to harness it to their own ruthless uses. If they are Svengalis, the device they use to rivet their victims' attention is our finest human quality: the aspiration for self-transcending purpose.

Theodore Roszak is professor of history at California State University, Hayward. His most recent book is Person/Planet: The Creative Disintegration of Industrial Society *(Doubleday).*

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To so much regarding the psychology of true believers, many might agree. But from here forward, we face a decisive parting of the ways in the intellectual community. To one side, there are those who see moral aspiration as an inherently tragic element in our nature, believing that there is nothing in all the universe that answers to its need beyond our own tentative and arbitrary inventions, nothing that can assuage its longing except heroic resignation before the alien void. And to the other side, there are those like myself who believe that the pursuit of transcendent meaning manifests an authentic vocation that is as real a part of the world as any physical object, and as capable of being examined, discovered, known. From this viewpoint, the highest mission of intellect is to clarify that vocation in the light of our unfolding historical experience so that we may one day offer it a universal response.

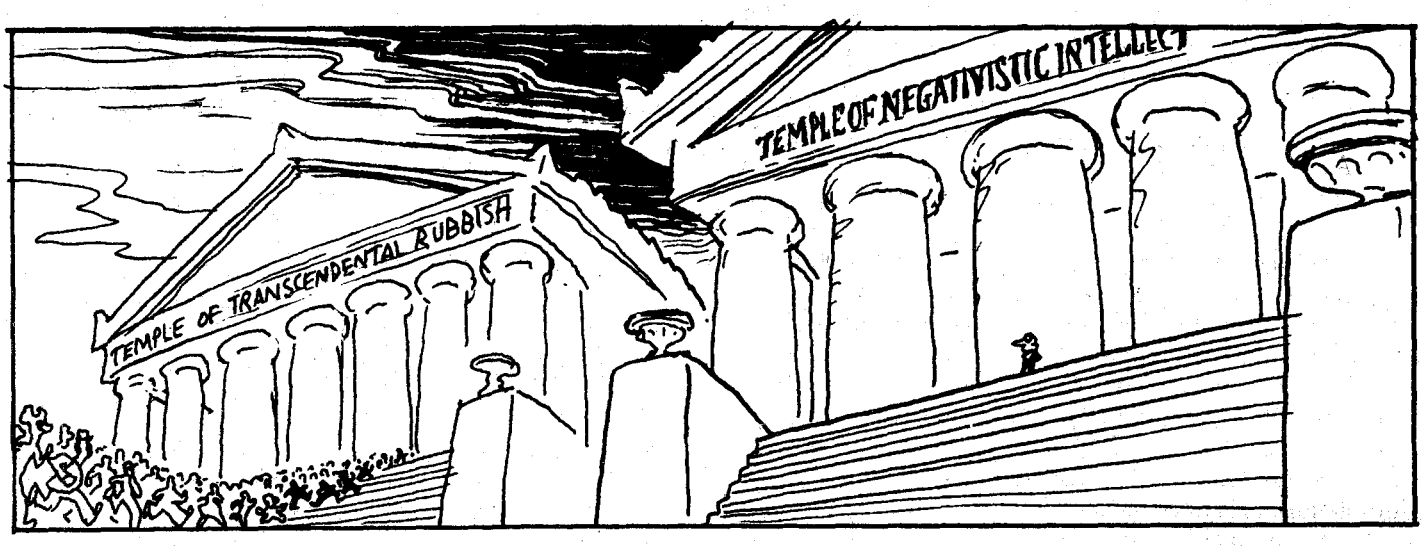
A truth that remains true and is many times repeated runs the risk of being mistaken for a cliche, and then restless minds may be piqued into looking for more refined notions somewhere beyond the simple reality of the matter. One such truth is that the intellectual life of modern society is an ethical vacuum created out of doctrinaire skepticism and relativistic philosophy. Since the Age of Reason, the most gifted talents of the Western world have been predominantly invested in the proposition that nothing is absolute, nothing is sacred, that knowledge is bounded by numbers and empirical fact. All of us who have passed through the standard curriculum of higher education have learned the lesson, mastered the style. Confronted with moral zeal—our own or that of others—we reach for our guns, fearing the fierce energy that lies hidden in this mightiest of human passions. So it is that those who are most responsible for educating that zeal default; they respond with a studied negativity, or resort to clever ploys and put-downs, never realizing that it may be as dangerous to repress the moral needs of people as we have learned it is to repress their sexual needs.

Only think back over the past few years: how many reports, documentaries, studies have we had that have played village atheist with the preachers and the swamis, the cult leaders and true believers? And notice how often the discussion stops there, content to discredit and debunk, offering nothing to the hunger for moral certainty which reaches out to these figures. For, indeed, few of us know how to nourish that appetite; it is no part of becoming learned in our society to deal with such responsibilities. On the contrary, the very meaning of "enlightenment" in the modern Western world is to insist that reason and intellect are the hammer of all absolutes, instruments of radical doubt and critical subversion.

I would not argue that many other societies in the past have found more graceful ways of handling the ethical and metaphysical needs of their members; some have done far worse. They have purchased dogmatic certainty at the expense of becoming cruel, authoritarian regimes. But it is the distinction of modern intellectual life in the West that so many of us have turned ourselves into religious illiterates as a matter of principle.

Alexander North Whitehead once observed that "The common sense of the eighteenth century, its grasp of the obvious facts of human suffering, and of the obvious demands of human nature, acted on the world like a bath of moral cleansing. . . . But if men cannot live on bread alone, still less can they do so on disinfectants."

His words remind us of the fissure that runs through our culture. At the bottom, the ordinary millions who cannot diet on the disinfectants of critical intellect continue to nurse transcendent longings, for this is, at last, a deep, natural need of our kind. So they flock in record numbers to born-again preachers; they cast horoscopes and puzzle over the I Ching; they sign up with Scientology, Krishna Consciousness and the Course on Miracles. For the most part, people grope their way into these commitments, and where they finish is little more than a matter of spiritual roulette. Often the first thing that comes along to offer ungrudging hospitality to their capacity for wonder and their need for metaphysical anchorage captures their complete allegiance. Perhaps it will be something wise and gentle; too frequently it is a commercial gimmick; in a few unhappy cases, it is vicious



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nonsense. But no amount of mocking and scolding will stop people from taking the gamble.

Meanwhile, on the intellectual heights a Himalayan distance away, we have an exquisite culture of doubt and despair which interprets the peculiar, transitional anxieties of modern society as an essential feature of the human condition. The major themes of that culture—*Angst*, absurdity, alienation—are now so much the commonplace of contemporary art and thought that they can serve as the stock in trade of satirists like Woody Allen and Jules Feiffer. In these lofty regions, a courageous air of cosmic abandonment passes for the leading fashion of the day, and conducting autopsies on dead gods is a freshman philosophy assignment. As long as this remains the prevailing intellectual posture, what else can we expect but that those who lack the necessary Stoic fiber to hold the stance for a lifetime will take their spiritual needs to "anti-intellectual" sources for gratification? Nor should we be surprised that demagogues and commercial opportunists rush forward to exploit the situation, for those needs are power lying in the streets waiting to be seized. In effect, these two elements breed off one another in a kind of deadly symbiosis. By indiscriminately denying the validity of all the absolutes to which spiritual need would offer its allegiance, secular skepticism leaves the field open to quacks and rascals. The quacks and rascals are then free to announce the futility of intellect and to appeal to blind faith and gut feeling. Which, in turn, confirms the skeptic's position that religious conviction is intellectually squalid and socially dangerous. It is as Yeats warned: where "the best lack all conviction, the worst are full of passionate intensity."

I think few of those who have learned to navigate the skeptical orthodoxy and existential terror that dominates the contemporary cultural mainstream realize what an emotional toll this grueling style of life and thought takes of the public generally—even among those who have never seen a Bergman or Fassbinder film, never attended a Beckett or Pinter play, never read Sartre, Camus, Heidegger. Nevertheless, word reaches them that the sophisticated tastes of the day run to nightmare art and nihilistic philosophy; it filters down and gets around that the great minds of the time believe we live in the eclipse of God, where the purposeless gyrations of subatomic particles are counted more real, more fascinating than the ideals and teachings toward which the human spirit reaches out. All this is a steady, grinding pressure of tough upon tender minds that finally drives the desperate toward blind, fanatical commitments.

It is really no great feat to recognize the Reverend Jones, Charles Manson, the Maharaj Ji for what they are—frauds, fools, or opportunists. Picking apart their doctrines is like shooting fish in a rain barrel. It is an easy exercise in basic cynicism, and it convinces nobody who is vulnerable to their appeal and has nowhere else to turn. The great unaddressed challenge of our time begins beyond that task of logical demolition; it is to reassess the spiritual need to which these charismatic figures attach themselves. What do we make of that need? Do we, with Freud, regard it as an illusion that deserves to have no future? Do we, with Marx, dismiss it as an opiate of the backward masses? With the positivist philosophers, do we discard it as a meaningless confusion of language, or with the existentialists, do we revile it as a cowardly retreat into bad faith? With the behavioral psychologists, do we analyze it as so much noise in the programming of the human biocomputer? And do we, then, continue to scorn and scold all those who weaken to the appeal of absolute values?

Or do we, with some humility, at last begin a respectful dialogue with those who cry out for guidance, recognizing their longing as a reality and a glory of our human condition, as much our own as theirs? □

WHO GETS THE PETROPESOS?

Mexico's Rush To the Gushers

JULIA PRESTON

One Sunday in November last year, the head of PEMEX, Mexico's state oil monopoly, flabbergasted an international group of oilmen by announcing the discovery of yet another vast oilfield in the country's Southeast, this one steeping in 100 billion barrels of petroleum and 40 trillion feet of natural gas. Added to the astronomical 200 billion barrels of potential reserves proclaimed in September, these new figures, if taken at face value, would have made Mexico the happy holder of the largest oil reserves in the world. The international wires registered the glorious news, and soon after American business publications were running articles which signaled relief from imminent world petroleum shortage.

A few days later, however, the discomfited PEMEX director, Jorge Diaz Serrano, was forced to convene the press to clarify: only 7 percent of the petroleum at the new Chicontepec field could be recovered by current methods. It would take as many wells to develop the area—16,000—as PEMEX had drilled in its entire thirty-year history. In short, while the Chicontepec field would increase Mexico's potential reserves, the concrete prospects for use of the oil remained ambiguous.

This PEMEX fumble typifies the new Mexican oil industry that emerged after Jose Lopez Portillo became President in late 1976 and decided to turn Mexico into a major oil-exporting nation overnight. PEMEX has changed its policy from a notoriously

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conservative handling of Mexico's reserves to a broadly speculative one. It makes loose claims of huge, but unproven, "potential" reserves to lure national and foreign investors.

There is a concomitant eagerness of Americans to believe that Mexico's current oil bonanza is just an old-fashioned Texas-style gusher. From the viewpoint of the United States, a new petroleum supply that would reduce its reliance upon the Middle East seems to be opening up in the hemisphere, in a non-OPEC country which might be convinced to undercut the cartel. Oil profits could heal the Mexican economy as well, bankroll a swift economic development, open a wide market for American goods and create a haven for American investors and bankers. (Four-fifths of Mexico's many creditors are American banks; only two years ago they faced "near economic disintegration" there, as one Mexican banker put it recently.) Finally, new jobs south of the border would cut into illegal migration of Mexicans into the United States. At present more than five million unregistered Mexicans, about one-quarter of Mexico's working population, earn wages in the United States, drawing complaints from organized labor.

But Mexico's oil bonanza is not a simple gusher. Far from just stumbling on oil, the present Mexican Government was pushed by mainly American financial interests into exporting crude while in the throes of an economic crisis in 1976. Moving in great haste and without any clear public mandate, PEMEX began to publicize reserves it had previously kept secret and to massively accelerate exploration.

While PEMEX is currently turning up more black gold than anyone anticipated, the pressured hurry has led it into political blunders, like the Chicontepec incident, which have dampened the Mexican people's faith in it. Haste is getting the once stubbornly nationalistic company tangled with foreign financing and technology. Finally, in the rush to export crude, the Mexican Government is sidestepping the thorny issues of planning the productive dispersal of oil profits to curb poverty.

Profits there will be. In only two years Mexico's proven petroleum reserves have increased by 600 percent, to 40 billion barrels. At the end of 1978, PEMEX doubled its proven reserves in a single stroke. Recent revelations indicate that the eastern and southern coastal states float on a nearly continuous reservoir of petroleum that extends well into the Gulf of Mexico. Barely 10 percent of the country's known platforms have been drilled, with a dazzling success rate. By 1980, Mexico will double its crude production over 1976 to 2.25 million barrels per day, and increase exports twelve times. Though retaining about half for domestic use, at that time our neighbor will be in a position to supply up to 12 percent of the United States' daily import needs.

But these figures, though highly promising, do not a Saudi Arabia make. The Saudis' proven reserves are still 3.8 times greater than Mexico's, and today they produce 4 times the crude Mexico will pump in 1980.

Although some of the supplies confirmed to date turned up because of improved exploratory technology, the main impetus was Lopez Portillo's decision to export. Explorations that have suddenly become fruitful actually were begun as long ago as 1964. (United States intelligence and oil industry specialists have long assumed that PEMEX was systematically understating its reserves.) Uncapping the 1976 gusher was simply a matter of opening sites and declassifying documents—increasing proven reserves through standard international verification.

In the drive to export, Lopez Portillo has dramatically reversed PEMEX's traditional policies. The state company, which was formed when the oil industry was nationalized in 1938, habitually de-emphasized exports, avoiding inflationary booms in foreign sales. It produced cheap petroleum for national demand, using equipment made in Mexico, creating jobs even at the expense of efficiency. PEMEX engineers, who salvaged the industry after foreigners bailed out in 1938, consistently reinvested earnings in refining and petrochemicals. Foreign private oil companies grumbled about this ornery self-reliance, pointing to PEMEX's low worker-productivity but the full Mexican control of the industry drew wide admiration from developing countries.

But now PEMEX plans to spend at least $15.2 billion in the next four years (more than three times its entire investment to date), double refining capacity and triple petrochemical output. As a result, the policy of domestic integration has been modified. Mexican-made equipment can't be turned out fast enough to meet accelerating needs, so PEMEX is now buying more than half its new equipment abroad, primarily in the United States—$3 billion worth by 1982. In late November, a firm in Houston, Texas, delivered two entire petrochemical plants to a refinery in the state of Chiapas, at the cost of $20 million. For the first time, PEMEX has booked a bundle of discreet contracts with private drilling firms for exploration. Though Mexican in name, these firms' licenses, equipment and financing are predominantly American. And since the push came at a time when money was scarce at home, Mexico has had to take out several huge loans in 1978, including two for $1 billion each that are mainly earmarked for PEMEX.

Such large-scale borrowing would have been impossible two years before. In late 1976, Mexico's credit had run dry; the peso had just been devalued by half; the foreign debt was $28 billion (one-third of the gross national product); $4 billion in capital had fled the country in several months and economic growth lagged behind the population increase. In December 1976, Mexico negotiated a special $1.2 billion credit line with the International Monetary Fund, after agreeing to a three-year austerity "adjustment program," in which everything from wages to the price of electricity became subject to I.M.F. scrutiny and approval. (A "recommendation" of the I.M.F.—in which the United States wields a

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controlling veto power—cannot, in practice, be turned down, because without this final approval, countries like Mexico can't obtain foreign loans.)

A confidential I.M.F. staff report, reflecting recent meetings with the Mexican Government, reveals that the fund generously exempted PEMEX from its otherwise stern insistence on spending cuts. In 1978, for example, the I.M.F. called for an additional reduction of 21 percent in the budget deficit projected by the Mexican Government, while giving state-owned companies wide leeway in spending "to allow for expansion in the investment programs of PEMEX." International banks have agreed that oil, in sufficiently large and accessible quantities, is excellent collateral. Thus, only two years after its fiscal crisis Mexico enjoys "greatly enhanced creditworthiness," to quote the I.M.F.; in December, the Inter-American Development Bank, to name one, made the largest loan in its history to Mexico.

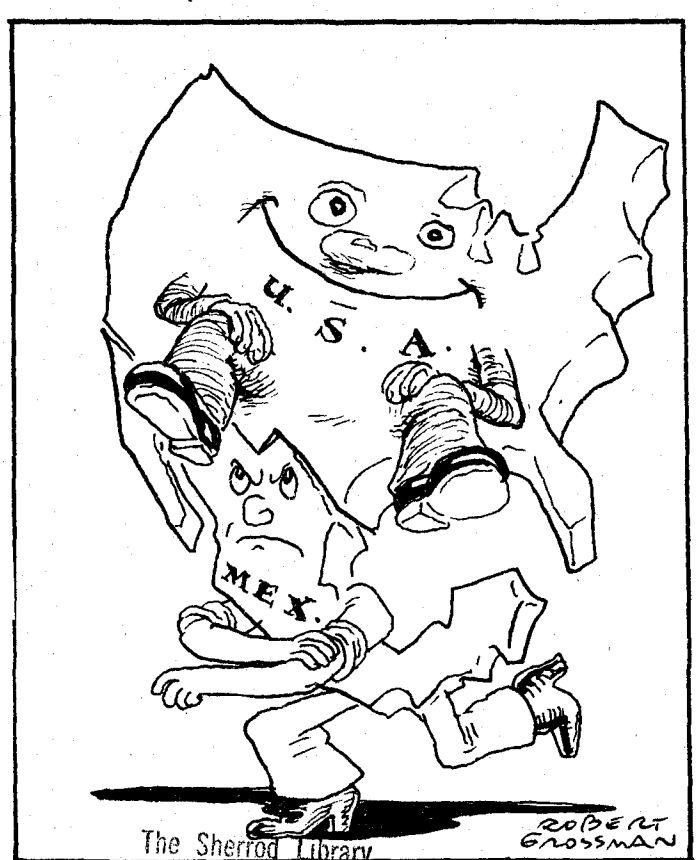
PEMEX chief Diaz Serrano proclaimed in his latest report, "Either we use our oil now, immediately, with no more delays and no more infantile fears, or we will soon regret we failed to rise to the historical moment in which we live." The "infantile fears" are those of a growing number of Mexican critics who distrust a policy with profound economic consequences formulated under intense foreign pressure.

Another reason for unplugging the gusher was that Lopez Portillo urgently needed new political grease for the Mexican political machine. For three decades Mexico has run on the myth that modern Presidents bear the torch of the 1910 revolution, with its ideals of agrarian reform, national sovereignty and democratic rule. The myth has appeased the poor, confounded the rebellious and provided a legitimate public vocabulary for bureaucrats and wealthy entrepreneurs who privately command the advantage of Government favor through patronage and bossism. Now Lopez Portillo tacitly acknowledges the obsolescence of the myth. Eschewing hallowed catchwords, he talks like a technocrat. But at the same time he must quickly apply an emollient to ease the friction. He chose oil.

PEMEX's haste has made waste, however, and provided further ammunition for the Government's critics. In late 1977, for example, it announced a $1 billion pipeline to run natural gas from southern Mexico to the Texas border. At the asking price of $2.60 per thousand cubic feet, Diaz Serrano said the investment would pay for itself from sales within 200 days. The pipeline was assailed by left-nationalist political parties and "Old Guard" PEMEX veterans of the nationalization, who opposed hooking up to a single buyer who could command prices and drain reserves. Last January the negotiations were suspended when the Carter Administration said it would hold the import price to $1.75. With the pipeline already underway, PEMEX decided awkwardly to switch domestic industry to gas, which sells at 32 cents at home. One ruling party official called it "the sharpest blow to Lopez Portillo's public standing this term." Nor has PEMEX inspired confidence by repeatedly reminding Mexicans to hurry now, because their oil will be gone in forty years, or by figuring regularly in the national press as a major polluter of jungle waterways.

Furthermore, petroleum can only partially lubricate United States-Mexican relations. Although the United States will be the first foreigner to enjoy the oil bonanza (in 1977 it took four-fifths of Mexican petroleum exports), the two countries can never be completely friendly. The exchange is unequal between them. Mexico relies overwhelmingly on American capital, technology and tourism, and sells 70 percent of its exports here. We look to Mexico more casually, for cheap labor, primary goods and new consumers (Mexico is the third largest buyer in the world for our products). We make the loans; Mexico obeys the rules when swamped in debt service. We export equipment to mechanize developing Mexican industries; Mexico exports displaced workers to us.

Mexico still harbors a lively tradition of anti-American nationalism. Though it has shown no intention of joining OPEC, neither will Mexico "scab" against OPEC for the United States, as Lopez Portillo said last September. A conspicuous United States push for a "special" relationship, such as is now proposed in State Department circles, might suit Lopez Portillo's immediate economic purposes, but it can only embarrass him before his constituency. By the same token, PEMEX is a wholly nationalized industry, and United States oil companies prefer to trade with corporations they can influence by owning shares. In sum, rather than as a major energy crutch, Mexico may better serve as what an American



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Embassy official in Mexico City called "a natural residual supply" for secondary supplies and stockpiling.

The United States also has a major stake in the impact of the oil bonanza on Mexico's future economic development. But in contrast to the alacrity with which it starts petroleum projects, the Mexican Government after two years still has no clear plan to distribute its oil earnings, an estimated $6 billion a year after 1980. As it stands now, inflation from rapid sales will take its toll. Corruption, that universal idiom of Mexican politics, will siphon millions into personal windfalls, as the traditional ruling-party traffic in dogeared revolutionary I.O.U.s gives way to more primitive recruiting through handouts of petropesos.

Mexican officials project a 10 percent annual growth rate after 1980 on the basis of oil, but only an abrupt turnabout in present Government policy will deliver these dividends to those who need them. With the top 5 percent of its population receiving more than one-third of the national income while less than half the work force is fully employed, Mexico has the most polarized economy in Latin America. Huge private agribusinesses are subsidized while peasant farmers are abandoned to hunger. For lack of state support, millions of peasants in the last fifteen years have been driven off the land, and many end up working without papers in the United States.

Most projections agree that it will be a decade before petropeso investments begin to stem the northward movement of the jobless. But beyond this, pouring money into the present system will only hasten the concentration of wealth and the ousting of peasants. In leading the rush to abundance, Lopez Portillo has sought to make peace with a dominant neighbor and to stabilize and enrich Mexico, but not to change it. Without change, the oil bonanza can only further polarize the country. It is already polarizing politics, by withdrawing from nationalists one of their most prized institutions, the state oil industry.

The use and distribution of Mexican resources must ultimately be determined by Mexicans in their own territory. The United States faces a mighty temptation to meddle. Already the oil bonanza has warranted a Presidential Review Memorandum, a top-level reassessment of United States policy in preparation for Carter's February visit to Mexico City. It outlines the options, from aggressive new friendship with Mexico to a continuation of the present cool ambiguities.

There are two courses the United States could take that would critically damage relations with Mexico. Heavy-handed pressure to guarantee access to Mexican oil, or to dictate the volume of exports to this country or the uses of oil dividends is one. That pressure is already being generated by the repeated publication of figures such as the C.I.A.'s estimate that Mexico will pump 10 million barrels of crude per day by 1990. Mexico has refrained from all such projections except a ceiling of 2.25 million barrels to be held through 1982. Power tactics with Mexico would be both antagonizing and unnecessary: given the close economic links between the two countries, oil should be readily forthcoming. And while the Mexican Government will not enter into any bilateral aid agreements with the United States, it is only too willing to go to international lending institutions in which the United States exercises the final word for cash and expertise to deal with its chronic unemployment.

Harsh action by the United States against illegal Mexican migrants would be another blunder. For two years now the Mexican press has expressed continuous, front-page outrage at the inhumane treatment of enterprising if clandestine Mexican workers in this country. Lopez Portillo also took offense when, without fully informing Mexico, Carter announced proposals in late 1977 to double border enforcement and grant amnesty to only a small sector of Mexican illegals, with the implication that more than a million would have to be deported.

There are now 7.2 million Mexican-Americans as well as millions of undocumented Mexicans weaving ties between these two nations, and a shared border that can become a combat zone if needy migrants amass there before a phalanx of border police. The United States and powerful American financial interests must use a lighter hand in shaping the consequences of the Mexican oil bonanza than they did in turning it on. □

Diana Moon

(Continued from Front Cover)

parking lot. It was a beautiful morning but the day was shaping up to be a scorcher. Not a whisper of a breeze could be felt. I hurried to building C.P.-1 where I would witness the test on closed circuit television. H-hour was set for 8 A.M.

Inside I met the test director, who assured me that everything was A-O.K. except for the wind. We would have to wait for a little breeze to dissipate any radioactive leakage which might occur. H-hour had been postponed until "oh-eight-thirty." If a breeze comes up in the meantime the test would go. If not, there'd be another thirty-minute hold. He pointed to a TV monitor on the wall. The picture showed ground zero and two flags draped limply about a pole. They were Navy signal pennants for the letters "D" and "M"—standing for Diana Moon. "Keep your eyes on

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those flags," he said. "When they start rustling we can proceed with the test."

Small tests like Diana Moon take place in a well drilled a couple of thousand feet into the desert floor. A pipe is lowered into the hole section by section and sealed at each joint to make its entire length airtight. The bomb is placed in the bottom and the test specimens placed over the top. A bell-jar-type cover is then placed over the specimens and sealed onto the pipe. For the test the entire system is pumped down to a vacuum to simulate space. In this test the main specimens were three Poseidon re-entry bodies which carry the hydrogen bombs back down through the earth's atmosphere to their targets. They were being tested for resistance to radiation from hostile nuclear explosions in space.

When the bomb goes off at the bottom of the well, the radiation travels up the pipe at the speed of light to zap the specimens. The blast shock wave follows at a slower velocity. The idea is to allow the radiation to reach the test specimens but to crimp off the pipe with a charge of TNT before the blast pressure escapes. That keeps the specimens from being blown to bits and helps contain the radioactive material.

I stared at the TV monitor, watching the bell jar that covered the Poseidon warheads. The above-ground portion of the test chamber was mounted on skids. A cable stretched from the chamber to a winch 100 yards away but not visible on the screen. Laid out on the ground between the well and the winch was a path of airport matting for the skids to slide on—the interlocking steel type used for temporary runways during World War II. Within a couple of minutes after the test, an explosive charge would separate the test chamber from the pipe and then the winch would pull the chamber safely away from the well. Many practice runs were performed to make certain the system would slide smoothly. The slightest jerk could damage the specimens suspended inside.

At 8:30 the test was delayed until 9, and then again until 9:30. Still no wind. In the meantime I explored the observation room, which was merely a glassed-in balcony above the control center. On the wall of the center were three TV monitors and a few charts. Two of the monitors showed ground zero from different angles and the third displayed up-to-the-minute weather conditions.

One of the charts was captioned MILK COWS, presumably to indicate any cows pastured downwind. They would have to considered because milk readily absorbs radioactive iodine particles which fall on the grass the cows eat. Fallout can be especially heavy if close to an underground explosion. Whereas atmospheric nuclear tests used to rise high into the atmosphere and cause worldwide fallout, leakage from underground tests travels along the ground in greater concentration. It reaches population areas before many of the shorter-lived radioactive isotopes have a chance to decay.

At 9:30 the test was again delayed but at 9:45 a faint movement of the flags was noticed. The control center immediately came to life. H-hour minus ten minutes was announced. Everyone sat erect. H-minus-five. The air was charged. H-minus-one. Backs stiffened. Eyes darted from clock to monitor.

"H-minus thirty seconds," continued the monotone voice over the intercom. I wasn't certain what to expect. The blast would be nine miles away, but would we feel the shock? "H-minus ten seconds, nine, eight, seven . . ."

My heart was pounding. I thought of the craziest things. How about the radar terminal down the hall—what would happen if a plane flew over? Would they call a "hold" if someone should appear on the TV screen right now? Could they?

". . . four, three, two . . ."

My knuckles whitened. I crouched forward—eyes riveted to the tube.

". . . one, ZERO!"

At first nothing happened. Then the TV image rocked like an earthquake in the movies. In a few seconds all was quiet again except for the black, sooty smoke coming from a pipe atop the bell jar. Another underground nuclear explosion had taken place in Nevada.

My first impression was disappointment. This was nothing like the sensational fireball and mushroom cloud. Then my attention focused on the black smoke, which was the remains of the carbon foam used to cushion the experiments. Some of the blast must have leaked up the pipe and pulverized that foam, forcing it out the vent pipe. That meant the smoke was radioactive. It became obvious to me that there is no such thing as a clean test.

Ideas raced through my head about the wind carrying those radioactive particles to contaminate milk that children drink, but my attention was soon diverted by a puff of smoke directly beneath the test chamber. An explosive cord had separated the chamber from the pipe. The cable tautened as the winch began pulling the test chamber away.

But the bell jar did not slide smoothly as in practice runs. It jerked and skipped. I could visualize the suspended bodies inside clanging like bell clappers. "Hey! Did someone forget to grease the skids?" quipped a voice a few seats down. "Murphy's Law wins again," chimed in another. But they didn't have the responsibility for those specimens. As chief experimenter my sentiments were not so cavalier.

Hardly had the test chamber been pulled clear when dust billowed out, momentarily obscuring the picture on the screen. As it settled, a huge crater could be seen at ground zero. Subsidence had taken place and that is why the test chamber was pulled quickly to a safe distance. What happens during an underground explosion is that the tremendous energy carves out a huge molten cavern filled with very hot gases under extreme pressure. As the gases cool and contract, or leak out through fissures, the pressure drops and the column of earth above the void caves in, or subsides. But there is still plenty of pressure down there and if it breaks through the surface it will

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TALK TO TH

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BACK
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erupt like a geyser.

Within two hours after the blast I was at ground zero clad in a radiation-proof suit. My task was to examine the effect of the instantaneous gamma and neutron radiation on the specimens before they were removed. At this point, however, we only had to worry about alpha and beta contamination.

Alpha particles are actually ionized helium atoms. Helium has two protons and two neutrons in the nucleus with two electrons in orbit around that. Ionization strips off the outer layer of electrons which, in the case of helium, only leaves the nucleus. That is called an alpha particle. A sheet of paper will stop it and soap and water will wash it off but the hazard is more severe if it is inhaled or swallowed. Plutonium emits alpha particles as it decays.

Alpha radiation is one of the most dangerous cancer causers. Outside the body it can cause skin cancer. In the bloodstream it seeks the bones and causes leukemia. And, most dangerous of all, the tiniest particle of plutonium inhaled causes lung cancer. Plutonium remains lethal for a quarter-million years. From a human standpoint that is forever.

Beta decay, on the other hand, ejects electrons. This takes place when the nucleus of an atom is adjusting for an unstable neutron/proton ratio. Beta decay from various elements such as radioactive iodine, cesium and strontium continues from a few minutes to thousands of years. The ejected electrons are energetic and fast. They can penetrate the living cells of our skin and give the appearance of burns. The radioactive substances clinging to our hair, skin and clothes bombard our bodies with radiation externally.

When these unstable atoms get inside our bodies, they are even more dangerous. This happens when radioactive particles pollute the air, water and food we breathe, drink and eat. Once inside the body they cannot be removed, and subsequent exposure adds to the collection. Iodine concentrates in the thyroid. Strontium settles in the bones. Cesium seeks the muscles and nerves.

Alpha and beta radiation tear away the electrons from atoms in their paths. If those atoms are in living tissues, it means disruption of the chemicals that make living cells. A single radioactive emission has the energy to break 100,000 chemical bonds. A gram of radium, for instance, generates 37 billion radioactive emissions each second. This injures the chromosomes that direct cellular growth. Such injury can take place by altering the chemistry of a single gene so that it conveys improper information to the chromosomes or by breaking the chromosome itself. If the cell is not killed outright, it may continue to live with its self-regulatory powers impaired and reproduce its radiation-induced error.

Cell damage affects the body in several ways. It may lead to uncontrolled cell growth: cancer and leukemia. It may cause physical and mental problems in future generations. Or it may contribute to disease and shorten life to an extent that science is only beginning to appreciate. There is evidence that the interaction of disordered genes plays a part in arteriosclerosis and subsequent heart disease, rheumatoid arthritis, schizophrenia, diabetes, and early senility.

By late afternoon the Diana Moon specimens had been inspected and packed for shipment. I left the scene at 5 P.M. Fifteen minutes later, Diana Moon burst through the surface like a huge fountain. Highly radioactive dust spewed over unprotected people as they scurried for cover. Water wagons were called to hose off contaminated equipment and office trailers. A fleet of transit mix trucks was pressed into service, attempting to seal off the leak with concrete. Later, an insignificant article appeared in the newspapers describing another underground test; no leak into the atmosphere was mentioned. I could see that there is no assurance that what isn't reported in the newspapers didn't happen.

When President Kennedy reached an agreement with the Russians in 1963 to ban atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons, the resulting Limited Test Ban Treaty was eventually signed by 106 countries and it appeared that a meaningful step toward disarmament had been made. But that was not the case. The United States was ready for sophisticated underground testing whereas the Russians were not able to resume testing until the following year. During the ensuing decade the United States conducted 255 publicly announced tests and the Soviet Union set off at least ninety. Although all tests are not announced, American officials have admitted that this country's program has been two-and-a-half times more active than the Soviet Union's. This has given the United States a significant lead in miniaturized warheads and in developing such "ingenious" devices as the neutron bomb.

Most underground testing by the United States takes place at the Nevada Test Site—simple tests like the one described, in wells drilled in Frenchman and Yucca Flats. Tests involving more complex arrays of experiments take place in the tunnel system of Rainier Mesa. But tests in the megaton range are conducted in very deep holes in Pahute Mesa.

Pahute Mesa is a 200-square-mile section in the northwest corner of the Nevada Test Site. There is some question, however, regarding the wisdom of setting off explosions greater than 1 megaton there. The preliminary United States Geological Survey report stated that ". . . the geology dictates a maximum test depth of about 4,500 feet." That is, because of the complex nature of the volcanic rocks and the numerous faults that cut through those rocks, a 1-megaton device is the largest that can safely be detonated at that depth. But the final document was altered to read: ". . . tests have been conducted to a depth of 4,600 feet." Subsequent blasts have gone off as deep as 6,500 feet, which would accommodate a 6-megaton bomb. It appears that our leaders are gambling with public safety in order to continue testing.

Tests at Pahute Mesa have also been conducted below water level with resulting contamination. As water percolates through the soil there is some filter-

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ing of radioactive particles but many isotopes, such as tritium, will dissolve and go anywhere the water goes. In 1968, Hughes-Nevada Operations sent a memo to Dr. Donald Hornig, President Johnson's science adviser, calling attention to the danger of contamination. The memo pointed out that wells used to monitor contamination draw water that has percolated through the soil, and no samples were being taken along faults, where water flows faster without being filtered. The report also stated that drinking-water wells in neighboring Clark County were not checked at all and that radiation monitoring of the Colorado River and Lake Mead was inadequate. The latter supply water to Los Angeles, among other places.

Contamination problems can only be eliminated by stopping underground tests. A brief history of attempts to achieve a comprehensive nuclear test ban provides an understanding of why present efforts are not fruitful. The position of the United States in 1963 was that it would agree to a complete ban only if suspicious seismic (ground shock) signals that might have been caused by a nuclear explosion could be investigated. American negotiators figured this would require about seven on-site inspections per year. The Russians claimed that seismological technology was adequate for verification but finally conceded that they might agree to three annual inspections. This was not acceptable to the United States, so the 1963 treaty did not outlaw underground testing.

In 1968 Great Britain again attempted to expand the Limited Test Ban Treaty. It proposed that a committee composed of seven members—three from the nuclear powers that signed the 1963 treaty, three from nonaligned countries and one named by the United Nations Secretary General—be created simply to determine if inspections are, in fact, needed. The Soviet Union rejected that proposal on the same grounds as before.

On April 1, 1969, Sweden proposed that the country in which suspicious events occurred should invite an on-site inspection but that no penalty would be imposed if the invitation were not forthcoming. The Russians countered with a proposal that would not require inspections of suspicious seismic signals greater than 4.75 on the Richter scale because there would be no confusion between explosions and earthquakes above that intensity. In addition, the Russians proposed a moratorium on all tests that fell below that level. That offer was promptly rejected by the United States, which was at that time testing low-yield bombs for the MIRVs on Poseidon missiles.

In August of 1970 Sweden and Canada issued working papers showing that the addition of fourteen long-feeler seismic sensors (making a total of twenty-five worldwide) would make it possible to detect explosions down to 10 kilotons. Such a capability opened up the possibility of test-ban verification without inspections. It had previously been assumed that a 100-kiloton explosion was the smallest that seismographs could distinguish. But the Soviet Union and the United States still could not agree.

After the first strategic arms limitation agreements (SALT I) were signed in 1972, it became clear that the single most effective measure to restrict the superpowers' quest for more sophisticated weaponry was a comprehensive test ban. By that time the obstacles to such a treaty were more political than technical—a fact highlighted during Senate hearings at which it was determined that all tests down to 10 kilotons could be detected by both the United States and the Soviet Union. In addition, seismic verification could be further improved to pick up most tests down to 5 kilotons. Some advocates of continued testing argued that the seismic signal could be muffled by conducting tests in huge underground caverns, but a complete series of tests necessary to develop new warheads would be impossible under such conditions.

The growing evidence that seismologic sensitivity is adequate for verifying a comprehensive test ban has become an embarrassing dilemma for the United States because by continuing to press for on-site inspections now it implies that it is deliberately justifying continued testing. On the other hand, agreeing to a ban would effectively stop development of miniaturized warheads. A desire to bolster credibility for on-site inspections could very well have been what prompted two nuclear scientists from Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, O.C. Kolar and N.L. Pruvest, to publish an article outlining a scheme whereby the Russians might disguise low-kiloton tests as earthquakes. They concede that single explosions do not have the same seismic "signature" as an earthquake but that the rumbling effect could be duplicated by

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firing eight explosions ranging from 3 to 100 kilotons over a 6.3-second interval. The actual test explosion would be one of the eight. Kolar and Pruvest further contend that placing these shots under a riverbed would conceal construction activity leading up to the test and would hide the telltale crater from satellite spying.

While this theory may sound convincing to the general public, it has some profound weaknesses. Even if the Russians did conduct the test under a riverbed it is not likely they could hide the necessary excavation and preparation from America's sophisticated spy sensors. In addition, there would be revealing evidence that a nuclear explosion had taken place because contamination would be carried by the river to the sea, where a rise in radiation level could be detected. That is precisely how French underground tests on the Faungataufa Atoll in the Pacific have been monitored by the inhabitants of neighboring islands.

Even more to the point, however, faking an earthquake in any manner completely overlooks the need for a series of tests to develop a weapon. The Kolar-Pruvest theory is no more credible in this respect than any of its predecessors. We can conclude that failure to negotiate a comprehensive test ban cannot be excused by an inability to justify compliance.

On July 3, 1974, at the Nixon-Brezhnev summit conference in Moscow, the Threshold Test Ban Treaty was signed. It limited underground test explosions to less than 150 kilotons, but was not scheduled to take effect until almost two years later—March 31, 1976. It was apparent that the delay was designed to allow each country to complete specific tests. And, because of the trend toward precise "mini-nukes," there would be no need for testing weapons greater than 150 kilotons after those tests.

It was a week to the day after signing the threshold agreement that both Russia and the United States set off underground explosions. The Russians were apparently rounding out the testing of their new generation of missiles that became operational the following year. American weapons laboratories were diligently developing the 350-kiloton Mark-12A warhead for Minuteman missiles and the 200-kiloton bomb for cruise missiles. In June 1975 the Nevada Test Site announced that weapons testing was being stepped up to complete certain tests before the new treaty became effective. From that time until the effective date the United States held at least twelve high-yield tests. The Russians conducted a minimum of three.

When the effective date did arrive, the treaty still had not been ratified by the Senate because it only limited *weapons* tests to 150 kilotons. High-yield explosions for peaceful purposes were not restricted, and the Russians had developed an interest in such detonations. Although a tentative agreement regarding on-site inspections for anything over 150 kilotons was reached, the technical details could not be resolved in time. Negotiations dragged on in spite of the fact that on May 26, 1976, the Soviet Union finally agreed to limit even peaceful blasts to 150 kilotons.

In his first press conference after taking office in 1977, President Carter said he wanted to "eliminate the testing of *all* nuclear devices instantly and completely." (Emphasis added.) Six months later the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union began discussing the possibility of a comprehensive test ban that would outlaw explosion of *any* nuclear device for *any* purpose. In October formal talks began and chief United States arms negotiator, Paul Warnke, expressed optimism.

On November 2, the sixtieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Soviet President Brezhnev proposed a halt to nuclear explosions for *both* military and peaceful purposes. The Carter Administration hailed that announcement as "a major step toward a comprehensive test ban agreement." It now appeared that all sides were thinking along the same lines, which made the outlook for a meaningful treaty look bright.

When the third round of talks began in January 1978, Paul Warnke said that he expected completion of the treaty in four months. But as of today there is still no agreement. What is the trouble?

The stumbling-block is the zero-yield debate, a euphemism for the opposition by vested interests to a complete ban. The Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon have concocted all sorts of bizarre arguments why some testing is still needed, many of which are, ironically, economic rather than related to national security. They know how to muster public support, and the military journals are avidly publishing their trite exercises in bureaucratic self-perpetuation. The Department of Energy is also fighting the ban. Dr. Harry Agnew, director of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, says, "I am forced to admit that we would not be able to maintain a viable stockpile over the long term under a Comprehensive Test Ban." Reducing the stockpile, however, has been the stated aim of the Carter Administration. And if the treaty forces the United States to reduce its stockpile it will have a like effect on the Soviet Union.

Nor has the military-industrial faction in Congress been silent. House Armed Services Committee chairman Melvin Price has again raised the old arguments about verification and disguising nuclear explosions. Representative Dan Daniel, another committee member, has played the good guys/bad guys tune, saying "We must safely assume that the Soviets would continue to test up to the limits of detection, while the United States would not."

Most Americans do not realize that we are on the verge of actually stopping further development of "The Bomb." That opportunity, however, is rapidly slipping away. Anti-ban pressure is strong, while the public is kept uninformed. Yet public opinion can be a forceful influence when it makes itself heard, as in the case of the demise of the B-1 bomber and the neutron bomb. But if overwhelming positive pressure is not brought to bear on President Carter soon, we will lose what we have worked so hard to attain—that first vital step toward nuclear disarmament. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Bohemian Dorian Gray

CLANCY SIGAL

THE LAST ROMANTIC: A Life of Max Eastman. *By William L. O'Neill. Oxford University Press. 339 pp. $14.95.*

When I was growing up, the name of Max Eastman had an ambiguous ring to it. My mother, a working-class Socialist on the fringes of Greenwich Village, adored him as the Byron, the golden boy, of the American left. She almost sighed whenever she mentioned him—he was so "tall, gorgeous, articulate, winning," as William L. O'Neill describes Eastman in his curious but useful biography. Eastman was a pioneer feminist (at least in theory); an activist who almost went to prison during World War I for his anti-imperialist pacifism; a brilliant editor and, in Edmund Wilson's words, a socialist who "brought to Moscow the Yankee skepticism and the humane common sense" of Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*. Eastman probably did more than anyone "to keep (socialism) alive for Americans, to make some sense of it," as John Dos Passos told him.

But in the Communist movement, which I joined at 16, Eastman was regarded as only slightly less loathsome than Leon Trotsky whose first American disciple he became. For his support of the Soviet left opposition and his early exposure of the fraudulence of the purge trials, Stalin singled out Eastman as a "gangster of the pen," a Fascist accomplice. In the 1940s, as a roving editor of *Reader's Digest*, he wrote himself out of the radical movement with an essay "Socialism Doesn't Gibe With Human Nature" in which he trumpeted the virtues of private property as a bulwark of freedom. (He had become a landowner and shrewd businessman in a quiet way.) Later, he went whole-hog by joining the China lobby and stoutly defending Senator Joseph McCarthy.

"It is one of the infamies of life, for radicals especially, that we tend when older to become what we despised when young," Dr. O'Neill notes in one of many Polonius-like asides. O'Neill's understanding of Eastman is strictly limited to his subject's books and papers. As he admits, "it is the writer and not the man in whom I am most interested"—a disturbingly unreal separation with a charismatic intellectual like Eastman. But, as O'Neill says in his preface, he is a historian not a biographer, and therefore "more at home with abstractions than with people." This disarmingly honest confession is nearly the most interesting thing in what is otherwise a pale synopsis of ideas rather than a full-blooded portrait of one of America's most famous radicals.

O'Neill emphasizes Eastman's "lifelong and genuine" feminism. Max's parents, both renowned Protestant preachers in Elmira, N.Y., ran their household along what O'Neill considers "feminist" lines; i.e., "all the children shared the chores." His strongly independent mother, Annis, who dominated Max, worked her way up the ecclesiastical ladder only to quit the ministry out of religious doubts just before her death. (She must have been one of the first clerics, male or female, to consult a psychoanalyst.) And Max's sister, Crystal, was a formidable radical feminist and pro-labor agitator before Max. But the Eastman women hardly get noticed amid O'Neill's strange and numerous references to Max's love life.

Apparently an important part of Eastman's famed "art of living" was his triumph, with the aid of psychiatry, over a "mama's boy" syndrome which had crippled his adolescent sexuality. This—O'Neill insists—gave him such instinctive sympathy for all victims of sexual oppression that he went on to have a series of affairs with women. I cannot figure out if O'Neill's dodgy phrasing in these matters reflects Eastman's tastes or the author's. O'Neill does concede that "there was something obsessive about Eastman's sexual interests. He could not always resist affairs that gave pain to others, nor keep from boasting of his triumphs." (Some feminist!) Yet O'Neill insists—on evidence of letters he is forbidden by the family to quote—that Eastman "was a skillful and considerate lover" and that "most" affairs did not end bitterly.

O'Neill may not be the wisest judge in these matters. At one point he declares that Eastman's randiness "saved him from homosexuality, which often results when a boy has a passive father and dominating mother." Fortunately, O'Neill's sexual naivete does not entirely extend to his handling of Max Eastman's political development, which he does in a fairly straightforward and briskly chronological manner.

Max's public life began in 1912, a banner year for radicals, perhaps the best ever. Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for President, polled 900,000 votes. There were a thousand Socialist officeholders scattered around the country, including mayors and two members of Congress. In the arts, rebels like Isadora Duncan and Theodore Dreiser were alarming the moralists. It seemed, in Yeats's words, as if the fiddles were tuning up all over America.

That year Max became editor of *The Masses*, a Greenwich Village-based magazine that became the real university for a whole generation of radicals. It featured graphics by Art Young and John Sloan, as well as writing by Jack London, Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay—a virtual "Who's Who" of American social consciousness. *"The Masses,"* O'Neill correctly says, "was not so much a publishing venture as a movement, even for some a way of life." It stood for "fun, truth, beauty, realism, freedom, peace, feminism, revolution." For a brief time the paper was the rallying point for almost everything that was then alive and irreverent in American culture.

The dominant voice on *The Masses* was Eastman's. In his weekly editorials he systematically educated the readership to a typically Yankee version of Marxism, free-spirited and pseudo-scientific, combining a New England conscience with a sense of gaiety. Although O'Neill makes clear that Eastman had precious little contact with the masses he spoke for, a kind of proletarian *machismo* permeated his writing. Class struggle was his litmus test of radical sincerity, a test which liberals like Lincoln Steffens, Hutchins Hapgood and Clarence Darrow—whom Eastman privately called "sentimental rebels"—failed. On the other hand, he was a revolutionist who hated organization. "He was loyal to socialism, not the Socialist Party," many of whose members had abandoned him in the anti-war struggle. Up to 1918 it was possible for Eastman's socialism to be both contradictory and coherent; but the Soviet uprising, with its insistence on "historic necessity," sharpened Eastman's al-

Clancy Sigal is the author of Going Away, A Weekend in Dinlock *and most recently* Zone of the Interior *(Crowell).*

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THAT DAY'S FIRE

It is not
for the maple's taproot
burrowing in earth,
not for the cornice,
but for the day's fire:
a river of multiplied flames
turning rock into sand,
water into vapor,
losing fixity.

Grace Schulman

most theological need for an exact scientific dogma.

In the *Liberator*, a more compromising version of *The Masses*, "Max tried his best to resemble the Bolsheviks" by repressing unwanted opinions. When the capitalist press teased him for censorship, he became even more Leninist. Events were forcing him into a pedantic anti-liberalism, and "stripping him of a unique asset, the ability to understand both sides of the class struggle." In this he was not alone. Government persecution of radicals, culminating in the Palmer raids, made an atmosphere on the left of choose-or-be-damned. "The lyrical Left was dead, a victim of repression at home and revolution abroad. The old light-hearted optimism was gone. . . ." From now on, American socialism was irrevocably split between bitterly contending sects of the Marxist faith, with the liberals as usual caught in the middle. (O'Neill, like Eastman, loves to zap liberals he deems soft on Communism. Some of his choicest venom is reserved for *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, which he feels were too slavishly Popular Front to give Eastman's cantankerous Trotskyism a fair hearing.)

Max Eastman's life after the early 1920s, when he journeyed to Russia, was anticlimactic. He had made friends there with many leading Bolsheviks whom Stalin later murdered. The shock of these killings was permanent. It turned Eastman against the Soviet Union—and also against anyone who failed to see the enormous crime with his degree of prescience. His championing of Leon Trotsky, although courageous and sensible at the time, paradoxically gave him a convenient "out" from radical politics. For a long time, few American left-wingers were willing to listen to his denunciations of the purges; by the time they were ready, he was too conservative for them. The political wilderness had become his Walden.

Eastman's June 1941 essay in *Reader's Digest* disavowing socialism finished him with the American left. "The anti-war champion . . . had thrown in with the counterrevolution." Although he continued writing such books as *Enjoyment of Living* and the still fresh *Great Companions*, "Max was losing touch with reality." He openly joined the neo-Right. His furious McCarthyism, and his old habit of enlarging petty differences into major quarrels—in the 1930s he hugely enjoyed the publicity brouhaha surrounding his famous one-punch fight with Hemingway—alienated him even from the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, a cold-war command post for old Trotskyists with long memories. Even *Commentary*'s Norman Podhoretz wondered how Eastman could come "eventually to symbolize philistinism and middle-brow vulgarity."

Dr. O'Neill's answer to this intriguing question is too pat by far. All that is worst in Eastman, O'Neill glibly ascribes to contact with "Bolshevik amorality." If only it were that easy, excusing our "bad" side by blaming it on the Russians! Alas, life is not that simple. Some of the best things Eastman wrote—e.g. *Artists in Uniform, Stalin's Russia and the Crisis in Socialism, Art and Revolution*—were deeply influenced by his Soviet adventure. And some of his meanest traits can in no way be laid at any foreign Red's doorstep. Stalin didn't advise Eastman to abandon his infant son, Daniel, or selfishly to refuse to take in his sister, Crystal's, two orphaned children, or to turn against so many of his mistresses, or to abuse Dorothy Day as a "little ignorant-minded neurotic."

No, Max Eastman was as American as apple pie—and this extended to his lifelong desire to be revolutionary and live well too. The "rebel of Croton" was a bohemian Dorian Gray who loved his creature comforts; he was a disillusioned revolutionist who chose the lifestyle of a country squire over anything that might bring him into closer contact with American workers who, like Stalin's Russia, had let him down. He was prophetic in many ways—perhaps the first of the hippies. □

Coming Soon

Nora Sayre discusses some films of the late 1940s and early 1950s in a two-part essay entitled "Cold-War Cinema."

Families and Schools

BENITA EISLER

GROWING UP AMERICAN: Schooling and the Survival of Community. *By Alan Peshkin. University of Chicago Press. 256 pp. $12.95.*

WORLDS APART: Relationships Between Families and Schools. *By Sara Lawrence Lightfoot. Basic Books. 257 pp. $12.95.*

"I can't explain it," muses a native of "Mansfield," U.S.A. (population 2,200), "but you feel differently about a person when you know the name of his grandmother's pet canary." In *Growing Up American: Schooling and the Survival of Community*, Alan Peshkin, professor of comparative education at the University of Illinois, not only explains it, he documents, analyzes, chronicles and celebrates the qualities that make Mansfield and its high school different from the rest of America.

Accompanied by ten researchers, all armed with tape recorders, notebooks and surveys, Peshkin still managed, in the nearly two years he lived among "mainstream" Mansfielders, to become, with his team, "part of the woodwork." In fact, he became much more. One of the new breed of participant-observers, Peshkin makes no pretense of objectivity: he wears his heart on his questionnaires. Still mourning the needless destruction of the Jewish "urban village" of his Chicago youth, Peshkin came to Mansfield seeking a particular kind of community, characterized by "belonging, nurturance and intimacy." Unsurprisingly, when he found it, he loved it. Further, as one of eight surviving townships of similar size in the United States to sustain its own school system (now threatened by consolidation), Mansfield arouses all of Peshkin's preservationist ardor: for his Middletown is not in transition but decline.

A bustling prairie "city" in the 1900s, complete with boosters, bankers, well-stocked "emporia" and four hotels, Mansfield is now a place where "you

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can't even buy a pair of shoes," a shrinking island surrounded by corn and soybean fields. Even these farms, moreover, no longer represent a greenbelt of local money: they are largely owned by faraway banks and corporations. The Mansfielders left behind by prosperity and progress are mostly third-generation Americans, and predominantly skilled factory or agricultural workers. Those 30 percent who are of school age are balanced by the "ubiquity of the aged" among them—especially widows. Evidence of social Darwinism surfaces at the level of education, which, as Peshkin reluctantly notes, is "not striking"; between 1965-72, 35 percent of Mansfield High School graduates completed a post-secondary institution, yet fewer than half the males over 25 (and only slightly more than half the females) now living in the school district have completed high school. The more able and ambitious of Mansfield's children leave, and do not return. Those remaining do not welcome new blood—or new ideas.

For Mansfielders' "values" are, to use the admiring author's term, "traditionalist," to say the least; "good old-fashioned patriotism" is solidly endorsed by most citizens, and in 1970, a period of long gas lines and double-digit inflation, Communism was still identified by a majority of respondents as "the nation's highest priority problem." An uncomfortable percentage expressed relief that there were no blacks in Mansfield; perceived as "welfare abusers," they were blamed for ruining the larger town nearby.

To the satisfied 70 percent that Peshkin defines as "mainstream," Mansfield is "the ideal place to live"—for that most traditional of reasons: it is the ideal place to bring up children. And Mansfield's schools are the major reason for this belief. Indeed, this constantly cited asset of their town points up a curious paradox. Mansfield's decline has enhanced the importance of the high school in the life of the community. Its staff of fifty-one makes M.H.S. the largest local employer. With the recent loss of the town's movie house, bowling alley and skating rink, the school—its athletic events, Homecoming Week, Christmas and Graduation programs—provides the only organized recreation available, for young *and* old. With loyalty reinforced by intergenerational ties (many Mansfield parents had the same teachers as their children) and a near-monopoly on leisure activities, it is perhaps inevitable that Mansfield has created a high school in its image; the school is "just what this community needs."

Thus, in Mansfield High, the extracurricular reigns supreme. Teachers may grumble, but the "dazzling" array of activities which Peshkin gleans from one day's bulletin board takes precedence over any academic demands: from sports (in which all students participate fully), Homecoming Week, whose planning and fund-raising preparations take up most of the fall, to meetings of Teens for Christ and Future Homemakers of America. The author is an affectionate if solemn cryptographer of Mansfield graffiti. An acute listener and lively reporter, he has brought back a collective experience where "God and country, sports, pep, voluntarism, romancing, drinking and cruising . . . are the major dimensions of growing up American in Mansfield."

Serious problems start, however, when Peshkin is forced to confront M.H.S. as an educational institution. For the very beliefs that bind Mansfielders together as a community (and which the author can, on those grounds, defend without endorsing) become indefensible as classroom lessons. Thus, a current events class, whose topic of discussion is the future of the family, becomes an object lesson in the Red menace: the teacher warns that Communists lie in wait for the wrong persons to get into Government. If fears of the Communist bogyman are not flogged, God and country become the subject matter—whatever the text. There is no mention of Shakespeare's England or Imperial Rome in a tenth-grade unit on *Julius Caesar*. Instead, the play cues a favorite local battle cry: "How many of us daily, daily, every day of your living life," exhorts Mrs. Adams, the English teacher,

> would ever question giving up a friend if it meant doing something for your country? See . . . this is a thing we are just getting turned back to, class, to the fact that about three to five years ago, you were a square, and I mean a square, if you at any time showed any signs of patriotism or loyalty to your country.

Finally, a twelfth-grade biology class (a level at which students elsewhere in the country are encouraged to do original research) is distinguished by the teacher's nimble segue around the Darwinian dilemma. No one's religious beliefs need be discomfitted. The notion that the earth was formed five billion years ago is "*just* a theory, albeit one respected by a lot of scientists."

IS THIS THE SHAPE OF THE FUTURE?

Will Houston be the corporate capital of the U.S. by the year 2000? Will Dallas be the center of banking? One thing is sure: Texas business is striving for such a role. Call it the Sunbelt, the Southern Rim, the New South or whatever—it all adds up to big money building its power base in the state Dun & Bradstreet cited as having the most favorable business climate in America.

The Texas Observer, with new editor Jim Hightower, has its independent eye on all this, offering in-depth reporting and lively analysis every two weeks. Texas is the front line of the corporate struggle, and the *Observer* is the one best way to know what's going on. Which is why John Kenneth Galbraith has written: "I think the *Observer* ranks with the *Progressive* as one of the two most useful papers in the United States."

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The edited transcripts of what Mansfield kids learn make melancholy reading. Far more discouraging than the "teaching of values" is the painfully evident ignorance and illiteracy of the teachers. They are simply not equipped for any other kind of lessons. And here it becomes difficult to sympathize with the author—an educator and teacher of teachers, after all—in his equable acceptance of gross educational privation, as a legitimate trade-off for Communitas. Peshkin only observes neutrally that, while "the school experience does not preclude occupational and educational success, it clearly limits it"; that this experience "constrains many of its students from seeking—or seeking successfully—opportunities for greater mobility," and that the stability and continuity he celebrates may derive from lack of choice. Many of Mansfield's youth, finally, "have neither the will nor competency" to live anywhere else.

Cherishing their community as he does, Peshkin cannot allow himself to confront the full implications of these constraints. Indeed, a curious incident underlines the author's astigmatism in matters academic. Recalling a conversation with a black educator, Peshkin suddenly recognizes his colleague's description of his schooling in the predesegregation South. Eureka, notes Peshkin delightedly, this rural black school, with its ties to the "support community" sounds just like Mansfield. It sure does! And the Supreme Court, in the *Brown* decision, found that just such a "close fit," when it meant racial isolation, meager facilities and teachers barely more educated than the communities they served—all spelled unequal education.

Indeed, it is possible to argue that Mansfield's students are more educationally "disadvantaged" than many minority students in inner-city schools. There are no "enrichment" or accelerated programs in M.H.S. for the particularly able or interested, no Harvard or Berkeley recruiters lurking about on the lookout for "potential." Peshkin does not really want to deal with the tragedy of waste in a school that serves the values of a community content with failure:

> "I wanted to take world history," recalls M.H.S. graduate Nancy Decker, "but the principal said there wasn't enough kids for it so I had to take shorthand. And I wanted to take sociology and economics but because there weren't enough kids for them either I had to take home ec."

His fervent advocacy of Mansfield's adult community forces Peshkin into a very equivocal role toward young people. At times, he sounds suspiciously like a one-man movement back to Life Adjustment, that deadly determinism which *also* claimed as the highest good the education of the child to "fit" the community and his probable role in it.

Perhaps we might be more easily converted to Mansfield's cause if, despite the author's arguments, the community did not, on balance, sound even worse than its school: philistine and self-satisfied, bulwark of racism, jingoism and the Red peril, rejecting equally outsiders with "advanced" ideas, and those among them who are conspicuously poorer, less orthodox, less stable of family life, Mansfield represents the roots that millions of Americans have severed—to survive.

Arguments about "values" are valueless because completely and irremediably subjective. One person's "support system" is another's spy network. Certainly, no more spirited and stirring case has been made in defense of local character against some lofty, antiseptic democratic ideal, of the particularist over the universalist ethos. Yet it is hard to be convinced that the "particular" values of Mansfield deserve preservation—indeed, that these very values are not the chief cause of the town's inexorable decline.

Passionate and provocative, honest about his own biases and the warts of his hosts, it is a pleasure to quarrel with Alan Peshkin's valuable book. After all the fanciful outpourings about schools and communities, *Growing Up American* gives us the real thing.

Mansfield parents have so few "issues" to discuss with their children's teachers that they voted to dissolve the P.T.A. But this seamless fabric enveloping home and school scarcely typifies the rest of America. In *Worlds Apart: Relationships Between Families and Schools*, Sara Lawrence Lightfoot, a sociologist at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, attempts to explore the adversary aspects of parent/teacher relations. The title, however, misrepresents the book on two counts: as her study is based upon first-grade classrooms, she is necessarily talking only about mothers—not parents or families in any broad sense. Second, most of the problems Lightfoot analyzes, such as territoriality, separation anxiety, socialization versus cognitive learning, apply only to the first years of schooling. Thus, the book deals with only a fragment of the school experience.

Slowly, very slowly, it emerges that the real subject of the book is not mother/teacher relations in the first years of school *either*. In fact, *Worlds Apart* (insofar as it deals coherently with any subject) is about black/white conflict: how teachers of both races, often armed with preconceptions, stereotypes and cultural baggage different from their pupils', negotiate these barriers, and how these same barriers are experienced by black mothers. Or, as Dr. Lightfoot puts it, in the social science boilerplate characteristic of the book:

> This volume is written to convey both the institutional and structural forces that shape the dynamic intersection of families and schools and the interpersonal and intrapersonal dimensions that are central to the substance and form of the interactions.

If you can fight your way through that, *Worlds Apart* has some interesting case studies, not least instructive because of the author's ill-concealed biases. Lightfoot presents two teachers: Mrs. Powell, of West Indian background, is a first-grade teacher in an integrated school in a small suburb. She feels intensely threatened by Mrs. Rosen, "aggressive, highly educated, meticulously cultured in the Western European tradition" and mother of "aggressive and competitive" Karen. Being "Germanic" (Dr. Lightfoot is careful never to say "Jewish") Mrs. Rosen has the perverse notion that "the primary agenda of schooling should be academic and that social development is of secondary or negligible importance." Mrs. Powell has no luck in counteracting such baleful maternal influence and never does manage to help 6-year-old Karen develop a "culturally pluralistic perspective." She is no more successful, however, in her relations with a lower-class black mother; Mrs. Jones's neglect of her troubled son Luther fills his teacher with a complicated mix of empathy, anger and shame. Significantly, Mrs. Powell's only achievement in human relations is scored with a white, single mother, who actively seeks help in dealing with a hyperactive only son. Described as "filled with ambivalence and uncertainty," Mrs. Gordon obviously welcomes Mrs. Powell's concern, strong views and plentiful advice on how to handle her child. Further, they soon discover that "they both wanted first grade to be primarily a place for learning social skills" . . . and for helping children to "be in touch with their feelings." Understandably, Mrs. Powell's "myriad involvements consume her energy, increase the range and complexity of her visions and responsibilities, and sometimes distract her

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from teaching children to read." No wonder.

When she has finished beaming approval at Mrs. Powell and her "myriad involvements," Dr. Lightfoot coldly serves up the case of Ms. Sarni, a second-generation Italian-American who still misses her first assignment at a homogeneous "ethnic" neighborhood school, identical to the one she herself attended. Now teaching first grade in a school with an unusual balance of blacks (both poor and middle class) and whites (representing both her old working-class constituency and the children from a graduate student complex of the nearby university), Ms. Sarni has little use for—and as many prejudices against—both the "academic types" who do not look up to her as they properly should and the lower-class—and occasionally militant—blacks from the project." Your classic Boston Bigot, Destroyer of Black Children, right? Wrong. For Ms. Sarni is a real pro, with enormous pride in her skills. "She is hired to teach children how to read; that is the primary agenda of her classroom and she holds herself accountable to that task. Ms. Sarni's children learn how to read, every single one of them. Some of the children leave her class at third-and fourth-grade levels, but *every one* [author's underlining] reaches the minimal standard of first-grade competence."

Needless to say, parents fight to get their children into Ms. Sarni's class, despite the fact that her relations with them are kept to the barest minimum, perhaps proving that professors of education, more than parents, yearn for all this "interaction." If a teacher knows her job, and a mother is not too neurotic to relinquish her child, is this psychobabble really essential to "bridge the gap between home and school"? Will it do anything to help bad teaching? On whose time, moreover—and nickel—does all this interacting take place? Besides the endless mother/teacher dialogue, Lightfoot prescribes a constant maternal presence in the classroom. Can a professional woman be so unaware of the growing numbers of working mothers?

With the public school population in every major American city becoming blacker and poorer, a study of black parents and the schools could not be more timely and important. While the problems of these parents with old-line white administrators and teachers have been well documented, we still know very little, for example, about parent/teacher relations (or the level of parent participation) in the schools of the predesegregation South, or in urban schools with "new" black administrators. What about these relationships in integrated nonpublic schools, or in highly authoritarian Black Muslim institutions?

Lightfoot asks no useful comparative questions, nor does she tell us much about the schools or communities of which her few classrooms are a part. Based apparently upon several disparate articles by the author, an unsuccessful attempt has been made to bring *Worlds Apart* together. Thus, the volume has been "fluffed out" with several even more disparate chapters. A collaborator is acknowledged for having "participated in the conceptualization and writing" of a historical survey of black education, while a section summarizing the revisionist literature seems to have wandered in from another book. This one, unfortunately, is beyond help. □

Literature's Stepchild

SYLVIA SHORRIS

THE ACTES AND MONUMENTS. *By John William Corrington. University of Illinois Press. 144 pp. $7.95. Paper $3.95.*

VIRGINIA REELS. *By William Hoffman. University of Illinois Press. 160 pp. $7.95. Paper $3.95.*

THE NEW WORLD. *By Russell Banks. University of Illinois Press. 160 pp. $7.95. Paper $3.95.*

During the Depression, Scott Fitzgerald earned $4,000 per story from the *Saturday Evening Post* and was able to live in style although his novels earned very small royalties. Magazines were flourishing then, and there were many publishing serious short fiction. Today, with the exception of *The New Yorker*, most major magazines are interested in nonfiction and stories with less than serious themes. Nor are book publishers eager to bring out collections of stories, unless they are by famous writers. The small, polished story doesn't fit into this world of blockbuster books, cheap journalism and gaudy biographies, and many writers must wonder whether it is still worth while to work in the form.

The University of Illinois Press obviously thinks it is, for which aficionados of the short story should be grateful. Under the auspices of the National Endowment for the Arts, they have been publishing a series of collections by writers of little fame but much talent. Three more have recently been issued: *The Actes and Monuments*, by John William Corrington, moral tales which reflect Mr. Corrington's experiences as an attorney; *Virginia Reels*, by William Hoffman, who uses mostly soft Southern backgrounds to tell the cruelties of nice people, and *The New World*, by Russell Banks, a collection difficult to categorize because Mr. Banks takes the most literary chances.

The most impressive story in Corrington's book is called "Every Act Whatever of Man" (taken from the Louisiana Civil Code which says, "Every act whatever of man that causes injury to another obliges him by whose fault it occurs to repair it"). It tells of a beloved small-town priest, Father O'Malley, lying on his deathbed, unconscious after a stroke, surviving only

Sylvia Shorris is a writer who lives in New York.

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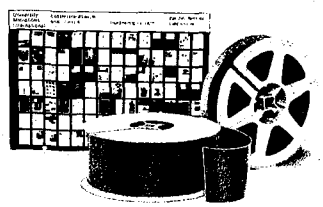

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because he is hooked up to a life-support machine. Suddenly, the priest begins to speak. From his dying lips come other people's words, even their voices. He is repeating his parishioners' confessions.

In breaking his sacred vows, Father O'Malley jeopardizes the moral facade of the community he has served for fifty years, and the townspeople decide to request an injunction to end the heroic measures being taken to keep the old man alive. Their motive, of course, is not death with dignity, as they claim, but the preservation of silence and secrecy.

Should the plug be pulled on Father O'Malley? And is the priest really a metaphor for the writer, who hears all and then reveals it? Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Wolfe and others knew what it meant to have their plugs pulled when they dared to tell what they knew. It is a brilliant story, inventive, barbed and very funny. John William Corrington makes his characters as well as his readers squirm.

William Hoffman might be classified as a Southern writer, but most of his stories move beyond their settings. In a subtle story entitled "Sea Tides," he writes of a wealthy, middle-aged woman who is being courted by a slightly befuddled, gentle, failed businessman. Her two grown children feel financially threatened by the man's imminent entrance into their lives, and they decide to have him investigated in order to prove that he is a fortune hunter. When they frighten him off, their mother plunges back into her lonely widowhood. It is a deceptively simple story whose mood stays with the reader.

"Amazing Grace," "The Darkened Room" and "The Spirit in Me," some of his other stories, deal with the shrewdness of country people, but "Your Hand, Your Hand," is a complex, terrifying story of a man about to be discharged from a mental hospital. Mr. Hoffman is a skilled observer of his particular scene whose sophistication should win him a wider audience.

The New World, by Russell Banks, is divided into two sections: "Renunciation," in which his more conventional stories appear, and "Transformation," where the writing is more experimental. "The Conversion," which appears in the first section, tells of Alvin Stock, a 16-year-old New Hampshire boy, in the classic throes of tortured adolescence. Alvin hates himself for his masturbatory fantasies, his unending virginity and his doltishness in the presence of his father. At the same time he feels great tenderness toward his mother and younger sisters. Alvin's most excruciating sufferings are caused by his clumsiness with girls, and during one particularly painful school dance, he sees a vision of Christ which makes him decide to be a minister. We know, however, that this will not be the final resolution for Alvin, for there are no simple resolutions, and the story is too true, too credible, to provide us with any. Banks has perfect pitch for telling of the little near-deaths we have all suffered.

Less successful but more adventurous are the stories in the second part of the book. These deal with actual people in imaginary situations: a weary, aging Simon Bolivar contemplating his life and envying a slave in "The Rise of the Middle Class"; Jean Hogarth, wife of the painter, William Hogarth, lying in bed one morning, unable or unwilling to move, surveying her large, healthy body and resenting its misuse by the greedy, unloving Hogarth, in "Indisposed."

Banks's most ambitious story is "The New World," which has as its two main characters, Bernardo de Balbuena, Spanish poet and Catholic prelate, and Mosseh Alvares, a Sephardic goldsmith. Balbuena, longing for a post in Spain, Mexico, or even Lima, Peru, is sent instead to serve in Jamaica, in the 17th century a stagnating backwater. Though miserably disappointed, he gallantly writes to his friend, Lope de Vega, that we choose our own destinies. His real hopes are tied up in his epic poem, "El Bernardo," in which he creates an idealized version of himself.

Alvares is an important member of the Jewish community in Jamaica, but he, too, is an exile. Though he has a successful business and a beloved daughter, he also feels the need to create a fantasy persona, in his case, a patriarch, the hero of a story he tells his daughter one day. Both men, though alienated from their surroundings, are proud of their accomplishments under duress. But they resent that duress. They are angry at not being better situated, so they invent better situations.

Was the New World created to make the old one more endurable, just as people create fantasy lives in order to make their daily existence bearable? It's a bit farfetched, and the audacious Banks doesn't make the connection work completely. Obviously influenced by both Garcia Marquez and Borges, he seems to lack their off-center imaginations and the precision to get the story told before losing the engagement of the reader. But a writer willing to gamble this way deserves unlimited credit at the gaming tables. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

"Two New Works by Rober Rauschenberg," reads th announcement of the Sonna bend Gallery exhibition (ur til February 3). The parsimony of th offering signals the artist's eminenc two works are sufficient. Rauschenber had his first one-artist show in 195 when he was 25 and two years late showed his "White Paintings," prime canvases left bare, without color or in scription, which were an immedia scandal. He had a retrospecti crammed with now-famous worl when he was 37, and another last yea at 52—the age when most artists a proach their first retrospective.

When an artist is continuously visib for almost three decades, as Rausche berg has been, his audience inspec each exhibition for signs of fatigue repetition. When he showed his "Jar mers" at the Castelli Gallery three yea or so ago, the suspicion of exhausti was immediately raised. "Jammers" a group of wall-mounted assemblag in sheer materials, without imagery, ravishing economy. One complai about the two new pieces is that th are large but casual, as if the arti were getting self-indulgent. For i stance, a central valve handle is co spicuous in each piece but when turn it does nothing, although the large for to which each is attached can be rotat by hand. But the reviewer's temptati to pick on details like this sacrifices t generous expressivity of the new worl

These pieces are technically reli sculptures, 7 feet high and 12 acro projecting 32 inches. The three-dime sional structure in each case is the ske ton of a beach umbrella, its original cir broken into six irregular sections changes in the angles of the spokes. O umbrella is covered with transpare material, carrying a membrane of pa images through which a solid grou with more images is visible; the other opaque, but contains images in slash of color inside the umbrella that are flected on a mirrored ground. Desp the frontality of the work, Rausche berg forces us to take an oblique a proach: only side views show the flected interior of the umbrella. T same is true of the transparent pie one is compelled to look into the sh tered area to clarify the palimpsest glimpsed imagery.

The imagery is derived as alwa

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rom magazines and newspapers, frequently with urban, industrial and ports associations. It is transferred to oft fabrics, as earlier to paper, by wetting the reproductions with solvent and hen rubbing from the back to deposit he image, or bits of it, with varying ensity. It is a subtle way of combining rawing, in the sense of successive ressures of the hand, with the all-atnceness of ready-made material. The ombination of transfer images and silk r cotton, often unstretched, started vith the "Hoarfrost" series of 1974-75. ts vaporous imagery is combined here vith a precise, two-tier structure.

One of the new works is entitled "Monarchal Mollusk (Scale)" and the other "Musical Mollusk (Scale)." As the dictionary has it, a mollusk is an invertebrate with "a calcareous shell of one, two or more pieces that wholly or partly enclose the soft unsegmented body." Thus, though the materials and the imagery taken separately do not prepare one for it, the projecting screens are metaphors of organic shells. The shells, one solid and internalized, one transparent, are metaphors of two adaptations to the world, summed up respectively by the hedgehog and the fox. The "Monarchal" one is an analogue of the hedgehog's defensive closure, whereas the permeable screen, "Musical," in its volatility and complexity, is like the fox's nimbleness.

A couple of umbrellas, flattened on the picture plane, have appeared earlier in Rauschenberg's work: "Charlene," 1954, and "Allegory," 1959-60, where they are incorporated with other found objects. Remembering these works may distract us from the reference to nature in the new work, and we should remember that his early combine paintings included, along with the urban junk, several stuffed birds and a stuffed Angora goat. These may be linked to the menagerie that we know Rauschenberg kept as a child (see *The New Yorker* profile of him). We can add more autobiographical fact to this speculation: Rauschenberg lives in Florida, on an island where mollusks are certainly a part of the landscape. His acute sense of place often enters his art. The early combines contain domestic objects and traces that seem to refer to his childhood in Port Arthur, Texas, whereas the later ones are shaped by the detritus of downtown New York. The so-called "Venetian Series," 1973, made of worn and battered cardboard, was a response to the architecture of Venice, not St. Marco but the damp, sunless alleys.

The mass media images, scattered here in nonsequential clusters, express once more Rauschenberg's lifelong interest in "modernity." Among the transfer images are such objects as a boat's screw, a camera, a highway, striped balloons. They become vaporous and indeterminate, for all their factualness, when printed on filmy materials. The fabrics that Rauschenberg uses, whether collaged to a flat surface as in the ground of "Musical Mollusk (Scale)" or stretched between the umbrella spokes, generate lyrical effects of light and distance that dissolve the objects' solidity.

There is a delicate but sustained disintegration of the imagery in the hazy ambiance of "Musical Mollusk." In the other, the outside form is closed by a patchwork of neatly stitched segments of checked cloth, but the mirrored ground extends beyond the umbrella and picks up undulant reflections of the environment, including ourselves. Our chance appearances, stretching and shrinking, are another version of the world only partly grasped. Two works, then, are enough for an exhibition, when they have the physical originality and iconographical spread of Rauschenberg's "Mollusks." □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Until the production of *The Elephant Man* by Bernard Pomerance (an American resident in London) the theatrical pickings of the past weeks have been more or less on the thin side.

This does not apply to *The Diary of Anne Frank*, certainly a worthy offering, but it is a revival of a play originally produced in 1955, a time when our stage was in a much healthier condition. The new production at Theatre Four (424 West 52nd Street) with its generally sound cast—Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, Roberta Wallach, Katherine Wallach, Robert Joy, Anthony Holland and Rose Gregorio—merits a visit. Such shortcomings as there are are no reason for missing it. As a whole, the play is superior to any of the new drama on Broadway this season; saying this is more of a recommendation than it sounds.

John Monteith and Suzanne Rand are the names of two bright and personable comics who entertain at the Booth Theatre in a series of improvisations and set pieces which keeps its audience constantly amused. They are adept at everything they undertake—very New York in quality and scope of interest. One cannot quite say that they are outstandingly original, only that they are funny, and that one likes them.

Genial is the word I would apply to *I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road*, a musical show by Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford. (Circle-in-the-Square: Downtown) The dramatic "spine" for the event is frail, though adequate—a variation on the homilies of women's lib.

A pop singer plans to change her material from the silly and sentimental to a more adult and satiric declaration of her experiences as an adult (she is 39). This upsets her nervous henpecked business manager who explains that such expression is not box office. He is wrong of course. Ibsen may be said to have initiated the "women's lib" thrust (with considerable irony, by the way) in 1879. Bernard Shaw updated it in the 1890s, and it has now become both a commonplace and a subject for jokes. The audience at the show revels in the humor. "Progress," it would seem, is very, very slow.

The show, though in every way slight, is altogether pleasant. The tunes and lyrics are agreeable enough. Ms. Cryer,

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who acts the woman in question, is engagingly direct in everything she does; her associates, two attractive younger women, Betty Aberlin and Margot Rose, and Joel Fabiani, as the male chauvinist manager, are more than helpful. The accompanying rock band is unequivocally nice.

The severity with which certain people have reacted to *The Grand Tour* (Palace Theatre), a musical by Jerry Herman, Michael Stewart and Mark Bramble (based on S.N. Behrman's play, *Jacobowsky and the Colonel*—derived from Franz Werfel), is mistaken. The tale or "fable" of the encounter of a prosperous and continually canny Polish Jew with a slow-witted officer of the Polish-Army-in-exile, both crossing Europe to escape the advancing Nazi hordes, is much better than most musical comedy plots. It was originally written with a certain charm and a sprinkling of amiable wit, some of which remains. More important, Joel Grey, as Jacobowsky, is a captivating creature, Donald Saddler, an ingenious choreographer and Jerry Herman's tunes, though not distinctive, are identifiable as melody—his lyrics are not bad. Most of this could not be said of the material presented this season.

There is a bit of "Abie's Irish Rose" vulgarity in the show—the arch Jew-and-Gentile-can-live-in-harmony syndrome—and there is absurdity in the Jewish wedding dance held in a French village as the enemy approaches. But I did not mind this much, because I regard it as foolish to make heavy weather of such lighthearted nonsense under the present (theatrical) circumstances. What I unmistakably enjoyed was Joel Grey's performance—his agility and grace, simplicity of demeanor, sense of character and fun. He is a gentle clown with all that the designation bespeaks of friendliness, intimacy and broad appeal.

Donald Saddler's choreography is slightly "wacky" but good-humoredly inventive. The voice and figure of Ron Holgate as the colonel are distinct assets. Stephen Vinovich, as the colonel's adjutant, is sympathetic, and Gene Varrone, as the bride's father, sings at the wedding with ingratiating mellowness and the heartfelt commitment of a Jewish cantor.

Something like a "documentary" in its linear construction, *The Elephant Man* (Theater of St. Peter's Church, Citicorp Building, Lexington Avenue at 54th Street) is a play of substance. The play is taken from the annals of medical history. John Merrick, who was born an elephantlike "monster," was seen one day in 1886 at a tuppenny freak show by the distinguished physician Frederick Treves. Apparently abandoned by his parents, Merrick was being exhibited by a rascally man at sundry fairs in England and Brussels. Treves, professionally curious about the phenomenon, brought him for observation and care to the London Hospital, Whitechapel, where he was a consultant surgeon. Money was raised through private sources so that Merrick might stay at the institution for the rest of his life.

In the play, and in the true story, Treves finds the unfortunate youth sensitive, intelligent and gifted. (Merrick occupies himself by designing and constructing a model for a church.) The good doctor tries to make his patient as much as possible a normal person. He wishes to engage someone who will spend time with Merrick, converse with him, read to him and carry on a friendly relationship with him. The applicants for the task are so horrified by photographs of Merrick that they decline the assignment. But Mrs. Kendal, an actress—an invented character—pretty, witty, endowed with delicacy of feeling, agrees to serve as Merrick's companion.

Merrick develops: he asks questions about religion, he is absorbed by literature, he brings his architectural design to completion. Celebrated people visit him and each of them finds something of him or herself in him. He has never seen a naked woman, and he asks Mrs. Kendal to disrobe for him. She does so discreetly enough, but when Treves enters at this moment he asks her to leave the hospital for good. As a proper Victorian, he considers her behavior unconscionable. Four years later, in 1890, Merrick, whose heart cannot bear the strain of his great weight, dies.

The play is much more than a case history. In a sense, the central character is Treves. Nineteenth-century rationalist that he is, he is deeply troubled by the disparity between Merrick's hideous exterior and the fineness of his inner being. Treves has a dream of himself as Merrick's patient in which his own respectability and correct posture take on the same offensive qualities as Merrick's deformities. What is man? What is normal? Treves is pathetically at a loss to find answers in reason and science. He cannot respond to the metaphysical questions with which Merrick indirectly and directly confronts him. Merrick at least has faith in something which transcends the security of sensible assumptions: he believes in heaven and in God.

The play is modest in its implications. Its suggestions are thought-provoking. Bernard Pomerance, the playwright, makes no special pleas, nor even a bid for tears of human charity. This rather underwritten, spare statement of a play carries a due measure of weight.

It is well acted and produced. When I read the script, I wondered how the terrible sight of the "elephant man," as projected on the screen, could be made bearable on the stage. The solution is simple: we see him as a slightly crippled but otherwise handsome youth, and the device works. Philip Anglim plays the role well. This, along with the free staging—actors recognizably impersonating various characters, moving furniture, props, etc., in full view of the audience—demonstrates that stage illusion does not depend on naturalistic verisimilitude. Audiences will accept any convention provided what they see is intrinsically interesting.

The objectivity of Jack Hofsiss's direction is in accord with the script; Kevin Conway is creditable as Treves, and Carole Shelley turns in a piquant and appealing performance as Mrs. Kendal. I'd like to hear more from the (to us) new author.

Tennessee Williams's *A Lovely Sunday for Crève Coeur* (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 West 26th Street) contains most of the essential ingredients of his dramatic work: the irrepressible need and yearning for love, the compassion for the neglected and the injured, a mortal sense of loneliness and loss. The social or semipolitical dimension to be found in *Sweet Bird of Youth*, for example, is absent in the new play.

I refer to the play as "new," for I hope it is. Since *The Night of the Iguana* (1961), I have not cared much for Williams's plays, though all of them bear the marks of his splendid gifts. What pleases me most in *Crève Coeur* is its light touch, its teasing humor and its freedom from bathos.

Williams is one of the very few American playwrights who has a true feeling for women. They are his most touching characters. Nearly all of them are bruised, victims of their own unprotected vulnerability or of masculine misunderstanding or brutality. Williams's women are independent or strong only when they are maniacal or absurd.

The central character in *Crève Coeur* (set in 1935) is Dorothea, a civics teacher at a St. Louis high school. She is a Southern belle with little money and very little brains, but she is nonetheless lovable in her longing for "romance" and in her natural sensuality and unself-conscious delicacy. Her colleague,

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Helena, is a selfish, snobbish fool who teaches art history. But Williams draws her with such tart wit that we almost forgive her her faults. The third figure is Bodey, an earthy woman of German heritage, spunky and wise. A lesser character, another German woman, Miss Gluck, is half-demented, laughable in her disarray, pitiable in her isolation.

The men in the play are left offstage—a good thing too, for one is a philandering high school principal with no conscience; the other, Bodey's obese brother who is addicted to smelly cigars, and who may marry, his dear sister hopes, the beauteous blonde Dorothea.

If I have any complaint in regard to this felicitously written, slight, unproblematic play, it is that I have no complaint about it. But that relieves me from noting the kind of discomfort I have experienced with the steamy sexual obsession of several of Williams's previous plays. In sum, *A Lovely Sunday for Creve Coeur* (Creve Coeur is a suburb of St. Louis where, in the 1930s, an amusement park was situated) is a thoroughly engaging play.

It is well directed by Keith Hack and admirably acted. Shirley Knight is perfect in looks, touch, sound (with perhaps a little too much Dixie accent) as the ineffable Dorothea. Peg Murray is compact with sturdy integrity and good will as Bodey, the woman with whom Dorothea shares a funny apartment, designed for that effect by John Conklin. And Jane Lowry is excellent as the dotty and bereft upstairs neighbor, though her German is faulty and best when indistinct. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

On successive days recently I saw two romantic and visually opulent Italian films, set at about the turn of the century and having at the center of their concern the matter of conjugal lust. One of these is Luchino Visconti's last picture, *The Innocent*, from a novel by D'Annunzio. The other, *Wifemistress*, was directed by Marc Vicario. Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli are the married couple in *The Innocent*, with Jennifer O'Neill as the mistress. The husband and wife of *Wifemistress* are Marcello Mastroianni and, again, Laura Antonelli. These are strong casts, well directed and photographed in magnificent surroundings, and yet my principal feeling toward both films was one of impatience. It is not that the movies are dated, though to be sure their stories are a bit flamboyant by our standards, and the luxury of dress and decor a little distances their intense domestic dramas. (It should be added, of the intimate scenes, that the process of undressing women so sumptuously clothed is a titillating novelty in our era of shirts, bras and levis.)

The Innocent concerns a philandering husband who finds himself drawn back to his wife when he discovers that she has taken a lover. It then appears that she is pregnant by the other man and will not consent to the abortion her husband demands. Thus balked and once again powerfully in love with his spouse, he accedes to the birth of the child, but he cannot in fact accept it. He kills "the Innocent," and then himself. Visconti, who was a Communist and despised the rich bourgeoisie, stages this tragedy with a bitter heaping on of wealth and manners masking decay.

Wifemistress is essentially a farce played straight. The wife in this case is frigid to the point of hysterical paralysis; the husband, a wine merchant, spends much of his time on the road, visiting his customers. This stalemate is abruptly broken when the man is suspected of murder and must hide—as it happens in a garret directly across the square from his own house. With his whereabouts unknown, the wife regains the use of her limbs and undertakes to carry on the business. She discovers almost at once that her spouse's travels have been at least as much amatory as commercial (among other things, he fancies two girls to a

Contest For New Poets

"Discovery—THE NATION, '79" has been opened jointly by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and THE NATION. The competition, now in its fifth year, represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and THE NATION's poetry prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combined media of publication and poetry recital.

WINNERS of the 1978 contest were Tom Absher, Jane Miller, Mark Rubin and Sherod Santos. They gave a group reading at The Poetry Center on May 8, and had their poems published in THE NATION on May 13, 1978.

Contest Information

OPEN to poets whose work has NOT yet been published in book form. Book form includes chapbooks and self-published books.

REQUIREMENTS: Ten poems (not more than 500 lines) of original poetry in English are to be submitted.

THE AWARDS: Each of the four winners will receive an honorarium of $50 and will be invited to read at The Poetry Center on Monday, May 21, 1979. Each winner will have one poem, which has never been published, printed in THE NATION magazine.

MANUSCRIPT DETAILS: Submit four complete sets of the ten poems, each set securely fastened. Your name, biographical information and information indicating whether a particular poem has been published should NOT appear on the poems. Instead, a SEPARATE cover page should include your name, address and phone number. *Manuscripts will not be returned, so please retain a copy of your submission.* THE NATION reserves the right to publish at its regular rates any previously unpublished poems submitted by the four winners.

JUDGING will take place in April; winners will be chosen by judges whose names will be announced after the contest is over.

DEADLINE for receipt of poems: February 27, 1979.

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bed), and in her anger determines to follow a similar course. Frigidity falls from her like a shroud. She revels in her late-found sensuality and much of this celebration occurs in her house and its garden, painfully visible to the recluse peering through the garret blinds. At length, the murderer having been caught and the wife having established her erotic autonomy, the couple is reunited for what one assumes will be a mutually satisfactory domestic life.

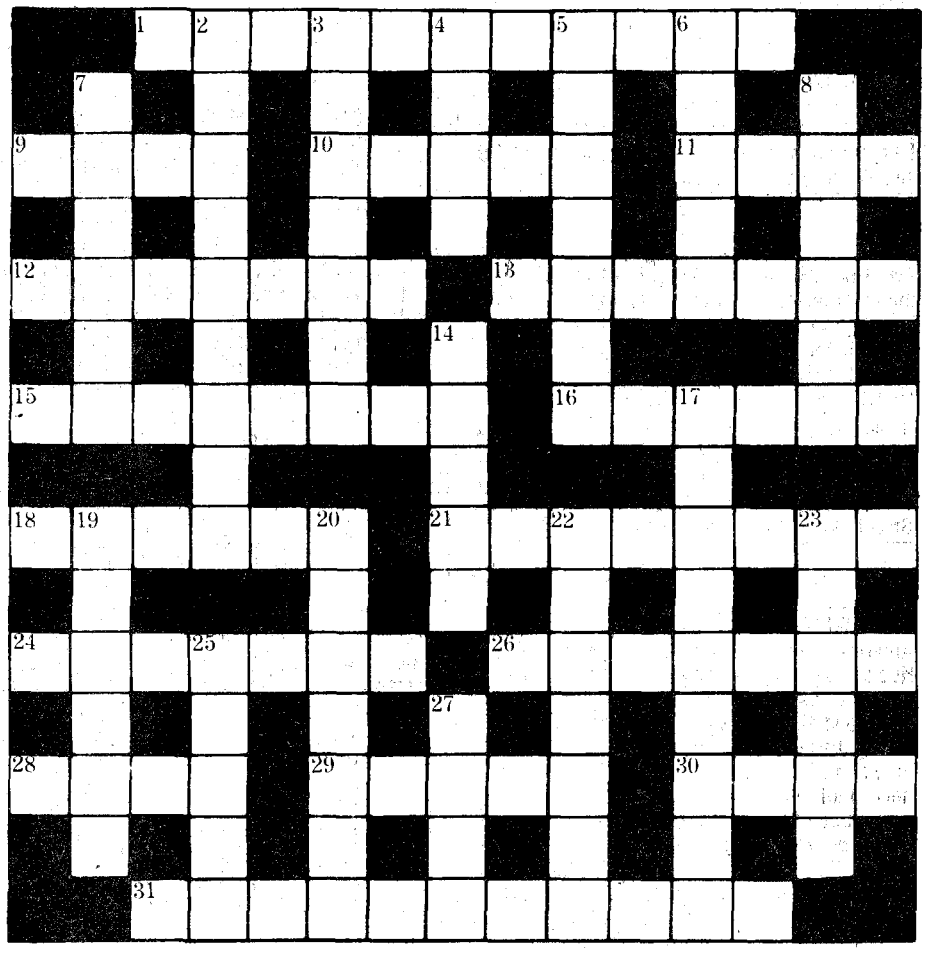
These are interesting situations and, as I said, they are splendidly set and vividly performed. In a time when we are much preoccupied with readjusting the balance of the sexes, they should be relevant. The problem is that in both pictures the men are so stunted by vanity, coddling and self-indulgence as to be disqualified for adult participation in difficult human relationships. Much has been said, since the two films opened here, of the vitality, the glowing physical presence, of the women in the casts, and it is true that all of them—and especially Laura Antonelli—are alluring of body and strong of will. But they are so not only in their own right but also because the men are so trivial. In this respect, the films may be authentic; perhaps Italian males of the upper classes were in those years constructions of their tailors and amateurs of their appetites. Accurate or not, however, the husbands have insufficient substance to function dramatically in these lurid fictions. We are left with costume romances, eked out in the case of Visconti with some sociological spite, and both films spiced with occasional passages of eroticism.

I won't say that a hot-air balloon is a grossly improbable vehicle for an escape from prison, because if I do someone is sure to write in to say that it has at least been attempted. However, it does seem to me that only the most imprudent administrators of a penitentiary would tolerate a horseshoe pitch with 4-foot steel pins loosely stuck in the ground, ready for any homicidal hand.

On the Yard, written by Malcolm Braly from his novel and directed by Raphael Silver, is getting a good press for the vigor of its acting and the tension of its violent story. Thomas Waites and John Heard are the principal antagonists in a first-rate all-male cast, and the account of how a few enterprising and ruthless cons impose their despotic rule on the community in open defiance of their jailers is both engrossing and frightening. How true it is I am not qualified to say—it looks like truth embellished for dramatic effect. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1760

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Just hang about and provide free drinks for everyone! (5,6)
9 A liquor made from such as the cuckoo-pint. (4)
10 and 11 A stroke employs rubbers, in a sense. (9)
12 and 16 A statement of desperation, implying defeat is a trivial matter. (7,2,4)
13 Getting by, one way or another. (7)
15 Weapon part of the UK has for the tops of the sides of the ship. (8)
16 See 12 across
18 Altogether, one is surrounded by a sort of 6. (6)
21 Care, after a fashion, to get brainy? Me, too! (8)
24 No, mama—I figure it's the gas! (7)
26 Do away with the corn—one creates esteem this way. (7)
28 Present indication? (4)
29 Generator, in part, of love poetry's muse. (5)
30 Low average to have in mind? (4)
31, 23 and 19 down As they say, it's all you have to give! (4,4,3,6,6)

DOWN

2 Atom-smashing war-minded types still provide old weapons. (9)
3 Used like 6 down, so-called. (7)
4 Does part of the church end in collapse (4)
5 Ham, commonly. (7)
6 2,4,6,8, etc., herein? (5)
7 Gilded metal. (6)
8 Sent in the game, possibly. (6)
14 One of Job's followers? (5)
17 What the bass parts of the *Ring* are wri ten in ? (3,6)
19 See 31 across
20 One might be simply acting with it, bu it's sort of vain to take the season oversea (7)
22 Relative, but possibly rather vulgar. (7
23 See 31 across
25 In short, work time yields productio and really works. (5)
27 Would the Russians find such art doubl agreeable? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1759

ACROSS: 1 Cause for alarm; 10 Helicon; 1 Paid for; 12 Measure; 13 Emotion; 1 Gushers; 15 Effendi; 16 and 2 down Callin all cars; 20 Bagging; 23 Lay over; 24 Clippe 25 Tooling; 26 Oracles; 27 On the safe side
DOWN: 3 Seclude; 4 Finders; 5 Replete; Laid off; 7 Ruffian; 8 The Magic Flute; Printing press; 17 Lay down; 18 Inveigh; 1 Garages; 20 Back off; 21 Guitars; 22 Impaled

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Addres Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7th 7:30 PM Donald Barthelme, Susan Sontag, E.L. Doctorow, Toni Morrison and others in **BENEFIT READING FOR THE WHITE HOUSE ELEVEN.** The 11 were arrested after stepping onto White House Lawn and unfurling banner which read NO NUCLEAR WEAPONS-NO NUCLEAR POWER-U.S.A. OR U.S.S.R. Loeb Student Center, New York University. Tickets $25, $5, $2. Sponsored by PEN American Center and the War Resisters League.

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